

THE
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 59

JULY, 1924

NO. 7





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SAY THAT YOU SAW IT IN THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Let's Play That We Are Pioneers

By Alice Morrill

Let's play that we are Pioneers;
Yoke up the heifers and the steers,
And hitch them to the wagon, big—
All covered in, and fully rigged,
Load in the bedding, and the food,
Tuck in the children, safe, and good.

Then off we go with whoa-haw-gee,
O'er rugged hill and sandy lea.
Hold on, now, tight! Don't cry or scream
Whilst we cross through this dangerous stream.
Now all climb out, push with a will,
To help the teams up this steep hill.

'Tis noon, and we must stop and eat
And rest the cattle's weary feet;
Then up and on, the long, long way
We must be moving while 'tis day.

Then evening comes,—'tis time to camp,
Make fires to dry away the damp,
And light the darkness of the night—
Make camp-fires big, and warm, and bright.

Musician, bring your fiddle out
And play some tunes, while all about,
The men and maidens dance around
The camp-fire, to the mellow sound.
With merry quip and laughter bright
Drive off the loneliness of night.

Now, to the wagons. Make the beds;
For drooping are the tired heads.
And soon the morn will dawn again
When we must face the western plain.
Up toilsome hill, down rugged glen,
Through miry marsh and stinking fen.

No matter how the way appears;—
No matter—we are Pioneers.

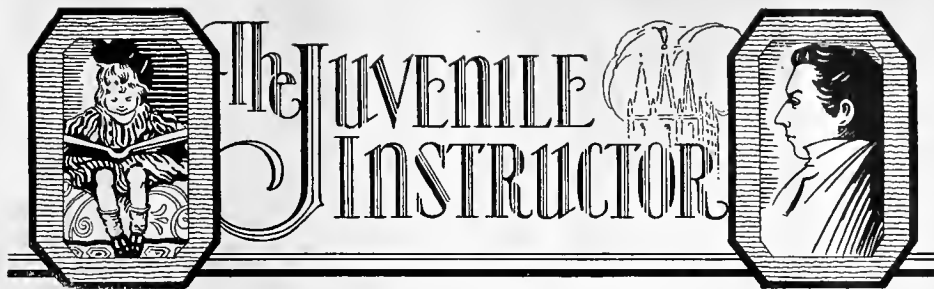
Let's play the wolves are howling now
With bark, and growl—a snarling row.
Let's play now, that the war-whoop sounds—
The harsh cry o'er the plain resounds.
Now camp, but do not make a fire
To rouse the Red Man's savage ire.
Go supperless to bed.—Keep still!
The Red Man thirsts to steal and kill.
Let's play we pray, and shed no tears.
(You know, we're playing Pioneers).

Let's play that days and weeks have passed.
And we have reached "The Place" at last.
Unyoke the oxen; Turn them out;
For this is home. We look about
To find a little spot that's free
From snakes and lizzards. Here's a tree—
A scraggly little cottonwood—
Hand-breadth of shadow, cool and good,
Blue sky above—God's azure dome—
The ground beneath. And this is Home!

Now, we must work and forward look;
Shut out the past—a finished book.
Look up with Faith that calms and cheers,
For we are playing Pioneers.



TEACHING THE LAMANITES
Miss Emily Brown and Five Little Dusky Pupils



Vol. 19

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No. 7

The Singing of the Little Piutes

By H. R. Merrill

Recently I visited Kanab, that little oasis of green, wonderful green, in the deserts of sand and sage in southern Utah. While there I met one of my old students of the Brigham Young University who was then teaching school in the southern end of the state, and what a strange little school she must have had! Her pupils were all little Piute children, at Moccasin, a little Indian village a few miles from Pipe Spring and about twenty miles from Kanab.

"How did you get along with your little natives?" I asked when I met the cheerful little girl who could smile under almost any difficulty.

"They were lovely, those little Indian youngsters," she cried enthusiastically. "I learned to like the whole lot of them."

"Could they learn?"

"Could they learn? I should think they could learn. By the way, I can show you how they could learn if you will come down to their camp," she said, smiling.

"I'll come. Where are they and when shall I come?" I asked, for Indians are strange enough to me to be quite a curiosity. Furthermore, I have always liked Indians, probably because my mother used to call me her Indian boy.

At the appointed hour I was on hand. I followed Miss Brown to the outskirts of Kanab where the Indians

were camped on the very edge of the bluff overlooking Kanab creek.

They were at dinner in their tent, but seemed rather glad to see Miss Brown and seemed not to resent my appearance at all. Dave Rust, famous guide of the Grand Canyon, was with us. At the suggestion of Miss Brown the youngsters, five or six in all, came out of the tent to pose for a picture I proposed to take. While Miss Brown went up the street to see if a little girl called Lila would come and have her picture with the others, Mr. Rust got the youngsters to sing. I was astounded at the manner in which the little tots could carry a tune and at the melody of their voices.

Mr. Rust started them out on "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The little girls sang with all their hearts and all their voices, too. They were not boisterous, but willing. They carried the tune without a bit of difficulty, but had to be corrected on the words by Mr. Rust who sang along with them.

As they sang our beautiful national hymn they struck a chord of pathos in my heart. "My country tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty," they sang, and as they did so my mind could not but sweep back through the pages of our national history. Poor little dusky dears, it seemed to me that it was

fortunate that they did not know their history or ours.

"Land where my fathers died."

True enough, I thought, where they have died by the thousands until but a remnant is left.

The second stanza seemed much more appropriate for the little native song birds.

"My native country,—thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above."

The last stanza coming from the little ones seemed to breathe forgiveness and to carry with it a genuine benediction.

"Our father's God,—to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King."

By this time Miss Brown had returned, but Lila and her little brother were not with her.

"I couldn't find her," she said, as she came up to us.

"Lila hid," one of the little girls said.

"Why? she was asked.

"She didn't have a clean dress to wear," the little girl declared in all soberness.

Civilization is rapidly over-taking the Piutes.

After I had taken the pictures the little ones were asked to sing again. This time Miss Brown started them off on a beautiful little song about a squirrel and the trees and the birds—a very appropriate song, I thought, for these little daughters of nature.

At this point two young fellows, about fifteen years of age rode up on

their ponies. Miss Brown tried to prevail upon them to have their pictures, but they turned her importunities aside with laughter and jokes. I could tell that they would like to agree, but that their native pride or what ever it is that keeps an Indian back when he really wishes to step forward, prevented.

As we returned to town I asked Miss Brown if she learned to like the youngsters.

"I did. I have bathed them, I have nursed them when they were ill, I have spanked them, I have done everything to them but kiss them. I have never been able to do that, but I have hugged them many and many a time."

The next day the little girls came along the street by Mr. Rust's home where we were preparing to leave for the Grand Canyon. We called them in and had them sing for us again. I discovered then that the little ones adored Miss Brown and looked upon her as a big sister.

They talked to us in a very intelligent manner. Their names, according to Elva, the talkative one of the group, were Elva, Barbara, Hattie, Lila—the other's name I have forgotten, although I am certain that it was a perfectly good name borrowed from their white sisters.

The little girls all had their hair correctly bobbed as you will notice in the photograph, and one had a beautiful celluloid clasp which held her hair back from her eyes.

After they had sung their little squirrel song again we allowed them to pass on up the street. One of the group of listeners contributed a nickel which the youngsters soon spent for candy; I saw them in a little group busy with the sack.

Some day I hope we shall be able to get the little dusky children to come north to our universities where they can learn more of civilization and life.

Concerning Claire

By Ruth Moench Bell.

CHAPTER X

Oh, the grandest day! You know those crisp, cool, tingling fall days! Just cool enough that you want to be out and not so cold that you care to be in! One of those days when you love to walk and walk, briskly and joyously and forever and ever. Autumn leaves, autumn haze; no other season compares with autumn! And then a foot-ball game when you are bursting with joy and just yearning for a chance to dance up and down, like the merry fall leaves, and cheer and cheer and cheer till you are hoarse! There is nothing to compare with a splendid fall! And a foot-ball game in the fall is just youth's way of expressing the riotous inward feelings that must express themselves! Nature expresses her tumultuous feelings in a riot of color and crisp, cool breezes. But the foot-ball game for youth!

And there never was such a game! Our side won, won exuberantly, as they should have won in the fall, though the Harpies, as we christened them, had been winning every game till this. Oh, how we cheered! Some of us almost burst our lungs cheering! We simply could not contain our emotions. And when one of the boys, Nelson, held on to one of the Harpies till he pulled the pad off his shoulder, we almost brought the grand stand down!

He left the pad ingloriously, on the battle field! and I ran down with some of the boys and girls and caught it up; and flourishing it on my cane like a banner, rushed through the crowd, with a band of our boys on either side of me, to protect the trophy of war and emblem of our victory.

You can imagine how the Harpies and their followers snatched at that pad, as our boys shouted "Captured

from a Red Sweater! Captured from a Red Sweater!" I think we passed the boy who lost it, for one of his shoulder pads was missing; and he made such desperate passes at it that it took three or four of our boys to hold him at bay, while our crowd cheered through. He was a splendid giant, in spite of the disfiguring of mud and dust that spattered his features; and he was puffing and panting so furiously, that for a moment, I was sorry to torment him, he was such a gallant figure and so indignant. I could see that it went hard with him to lose it. The more credit to our Nelson, who tugged it off!

Lottie wasn't home; and anyhow I had forgotten her at the time; and just had to tell someone of our glorious victory and exhibit the pad, which I meant to put in a sofa pillow with our boys' names autographed and worked in silk around it; so I ran in to tell Mrs. Bronson.

"We won, we won," I cheered, as soon as I got inside her door. Then I held up the pad on my cane so the little boys could see it.

"Captured from a Red Sweater," I laughed.

Then what sounded like a roar of thunder or something awe-inspiring happened and a man's voice from the next room bellowed. "Here you vixen."

In spite of my glee, my knees began to quake under me, for there was something familiar about those tones. I had heard some like them rumble in stage tragedies in my youth. But I was determined not to be put down so easily.

"Oh, it was the grandest game," I exulted, as a tall figure came striding toward me and towered menacingly over me. I looked up and laughed,

because I knew he wouldn't dare touch me.

"Here, you," he ordered.

At that my heart leaped higher than ever. I knew him, then, in spite of the grotesque foot-ball suit, minus one shoulder pad, and the grimy features.

"Will Stanley," I gasped. Then he recognized me.

"Claire Melton," he shouted, "I've a notion to take you by the shoulders and shake you," which he did immediately, to the relief of both of us.

"What are you doing here?" He demanded in that splendid, dictatorial way he always had. "Give me back the pad for my sweater," he ordered.

"It is going into a sofa-pillow," I declared triumphantly.

"Well, if I can't have the pad on my shoulder," he bargained, "my shoulder must be allowed to rest on the pad."

"We'll see," I laughed. "But what are you doing at Mrs. Bronson's?"

"I'm her nephew. Guess I have a right to be here," and he put his arm about her, affectionately. "She ran away from us all and has been trying to take care of herself and these dandy boys. But she's coming back with me. Mother is not well and we need someone with a personal interest to keep house and mother us. Auntie is elected by unanimous vote, now that we have found her."

I was glad to hear him talk on. Maybe he would tell whether he was married or single or engaged or a free man still. But he didn't.

"Well, I only came over—"

"To exult over me," he finished for me.

"Now I must go back and get Lottie's supper ready, so I can go to the dance." I went on.

"And are you going to be heartless enough to dance to celebrate your victory over an old pal," he sighed. "I suppose if I appeared, they would throw me down and dance on me?"

"If you would let them, I suppose they would."

"I know one person I would allow to dance all over me," he frowned.

Did he mean me or did he mean someone else? I couldn't tell; but I had to go home to Lottie. Will went with me to our door and then returned to change his clothes. Lottie had not returned yet so I did not ask him in. And then, soon, things began to happen so thick and fast that I almost forgot the foremost thing on my mind: was or was not Will married or engaged or in love with some girl.

"The foot-ball game was glorious," I burst out the moment Lottie got in. I was still tingling with the excitement of the game and seeing Will.

"And who do you suppose I met?" I beamed.

"Jed," she cried at once. "I knew he had been here."

"Will Stanley."

"Will Stanley? The Will Stanley who came to see you and for whom you bought crab-apple blossom perfume?"

"The same Will. He was on the opposing team, one of the Harpies. And our Nelson jerked the pad off his red sweater on the foot-ball field; and I got it and put it on my cane and a crowd of us went through the streets shouting 'Captured from a Red Sweater;' and we passed Will and I didn't know him. There was so much mud and dust on his features. And he tried to recapture the pad; and it took about s'teen boys to hold him back. And then we rode about for a while; and I came home and ran over to tell Mrs. Bronson; and there was Will. And he was so furious when he heard my voice, if I had been a man he would have surely have smashed me properly. Then I recognized him and he recognized me. And he is Mrs. Bronson's nephew and going to take her to live with them. I knew she should never have been trying to do washings. She was determined to be independent of her family. But Will found her and she is to be their house-keeper. His

mother needs her. And oh, Lottie, do you suppose—"

"Gracious, girl, let my poor head rest from your chatter. I haven't got half of it. But I do wish you had made the cake. I'm starving."

"I made it. I made it, you darling. It is in the ice-box. You better believe I made it, the biggest, bonniest chocolate cake you ever tasted in all your life."

Lottie made a bee line for the kitchen. And I turned on the gas to get supper.

"Why, there is no cake here," Lottie astounded me by saying.

"Behold the cake," I exulted and flew to the refrigerator myself.

Then I got the surprise of my life. The cake was not there. It simply was not there. For a minute I wondered whether I really had made the cake. Yes, there was the evidence, the unwashed cake bowl. It was no dream. I had made the cake just as I had supposed I had. Likewise, and this also, was no dream, the cake was missing. It most certainly was not there.

"Mrs Bronson, I suppose, needed something to regale the appetite of her foot-ball nephew, and helped herself," Lottie said sarcastically.

"It isn't true," I flamed. "Mrs Bronson is a lady as we always thought her. Under no circumstances in the world would she do such a thing."

"Explain it in any other way, if you can," Lottie sighed.

"Lottie, forget it all and come with me to the dance," I begged. "The whole crowd is going together and I would enjoy it so much better if you were with me."

"Thanks, dear, I'd really rather sit here by the fire and dream," Lottie said with so much finality that I knew it was no use trying to urge her against her will.

I hurriedly ate supper and cleared it away. Then I bathed and put on my dancing frock and waited for the crowd to call. All the while my thoughts were racing about like wild

children: "would he come to the dance," "was he engaged," "had some other girl won him," "would he ever care for me again, if she hadn't."

"You are looking lovely," Lottie said, as I bent to kiss her before I left. "You never looked prettier. I suppose it is seeing the Stanley boy again."

"Oh, Lottie, do you suppose, do you suppose—" but an insistent "All aboard" came and I had to run.

The dance was a fitting finish to the day of days. You just have to finish a football game with a dance, so you can talk it all over with the crowd. The heroes were all cheered, even the fallen heroes came in for a round of cheering.

Will Stanley came and got a rousing cheer all by himself. Another rousing cheer rose up in my heart for him but I had to suppress it; though I suppose it danced out at my eyes when he came to claim a dance. He had brought his Aunt and was so lovely to her. He even danced with her first. That fact set my heart at ease, a little. At least, if there were a girl, he had not brought her with him.

It was a wonderful dance with him, a waltz that I'd like to have had go on forever. Will took me for refreshments afterward and I caught him gazing stealthily at my left hand as we ate.

"It is only a signet ring from my childhood days," I laughed.

Isn't it nice for men, that women go about tagged "engaged," so he who runs may read. Now a man goes Scott free (whatever that is) even after marriage, no ring or other badge, signifying captivity, ever warns girls to keep their affections whole, so far as he is concerned.

Will danced again with me; and we talked of old times and theatricals; and the way they used to try to tease us and our first walk together. Why would he talk about old times if he were the property of some other girl?

Neither of us mentioned our last

evening together. I couldn't. It seemed too sacred to talk over. Maybe Will thought it was too silly or inconsequential to bring up.

When we got ready to leave, Will asked if I would just as soon go home with him and his Aunt, if the crowd didn't mind. I didn't dare show him how eagerly I would. He made it all right with the crowd, so we had one more dance.

We were waiting outside his aunt's dressing room. Will was folding the most wonderful silk scarf about his throat, one of those cream colored, satiny, rich, square scarfs that men wore before the long, narrow kind came in. I couldn't help looking at it and—well envying the scarf. It looked so comforting and warm around his throat.

Will must have seen me looking at it. Lottie always says that everything I think is written on my face instantaneously. It must have been so this once; because Will removed the scarf from his throat and folded it about

mine; and then pulled my hooded cap up over it and well—I believe he would have kissed me if the place had not been so public and his aunt had not appeared just then.

He walked over with me alone; and at our door I slipped off the scarf, though I was loath to do so. It felt almost like he had folded his arms about me and I felt as though I was unclasping them, when I took it off. I handed it to him silently. Then he waited a minute while I unlocked the door and let myself in.

I can't tell the rest, though I know Will would not have done it if it had not meant something, no everything. It was such a sacred sweet thing to do. When I got to my room, I felt that he was still with me. I slipped off my cape slowly, because he had held it; and there in the hood of my cape lay the wonderful scarf. He had put it there while I was fumbling with the lock of the door. I sank down on the bed and burrowed my face in it's folds.

(To be Continued)

On Making Friends

It is well to be genial to all, but one should be careful in the choice of friends. Friendship is more than acquaintance. A few friends, well chosen, are a joy forever. A true friend is for life. Some young folks choose their friends because they are schoolmates, or in the same neighborhood or church, and when removing to other locations they drop them and find new friends. Higher reasons should govern the formation of lasting friendship.

Friendship is not a mushroom quality, growing up in a few hours. Slowly formed friendships are likely to be permanent. A friend should be one you can love, trust and respect. It takes time to know who may be trusted, who should be respected. It takes experience to tell the strength of one's professions of friendship. One should not, therefore, hastily divulge the secrets of one's heart in sudden friendship. Wait till tests have been made through adversity or other things that try souls.

Choose for a friend one whose character influences to better things, not one who is careless of right and wrong. And be faithful always to the right kind of a friend. To keep friends, one must show one's self friendly with ears and listen to his advice with care.—Milwaukee Journal.

"Ask, and Ye Shall Receive"

By Frank C. Steele

Tremblingly, we come
From a forgotten Eternity
To Earth—
Pilgrims seeking a sure pathway
For our feet.
But we seek not blindly
For out of the Night
A Light shines—
The Light of the world;
The Light that warms our hearts
And guides our steps toward
That other Eternity
Which opens with the Day.

"Do you 'spose they'll do it, Hiram?" questioned Grandma Price in a high-pitched voice as she prodded the pine block blazing noisily in the yawning fireplace.

"I reckon they will, Grandma Price," replied the young grandson, his quiet eyes looking thoughtfully into the fire. "They done told the 'Mormon' preachers to git out the county by Saturday, after the Statesboro fuss, and—and—well I guess they all know what a warning means in Georgia, Grandma Price."

"I reckon so, Hiram."

The old woman looked up slowly from the fire, the light revealing lean, swarthy features, lined and twisted by seventy-eight years in the backwoods of South Georgia. It was a worn face but there was a wistful tenderness about it that was appealing.

"And who led the mob at Statesboro, Hiram?"

"They do say it was Uncle Homer Price, Grandma. You all know how he does hate the 'Mormons.' He likes 'em just a little less than he does a nigger. Uncle Homer'll drive 'em out of Bullock County with a rifle. He done told the men at Mt. Bethel church last prayer meetin' night that."

"He did, eh? And what did Preacher Davis say?"

"Nothin'—only smiled and nodded."

"And what 'did the others say, Hiram?"

"Why they all said, 'We're with you, Homer,' and they were all a totin' guns."

"Hiram, my boy," said Grandma Price, as she laid a hand tenderly on the lad's overalled knee, "I want to tell you something. Your Uncle Homer will never drive the 'Mormons' out of Bullock County. For twenty years I've been a meeting these young men from Utah, and they are God's servants, Hiram. They preach the Truth, and God will not let them leave Bullock County till they have baptized Grandma Price."

The boy stared at his grandmother, dumbfounded.

"It's true, Hiram. I daren't tell many around here on account of the hatred, but it's true. Your Grandma Price is growing old, and you won't see her much longer 'round the old plantation. She can't hoe corn nor pick cotton, Hiram, but she can read and feel and—pray. Pray for you all, son, that the Light may come to the rest of you. No, Hiram boy, your Uncle Homer will never drive out the 'Mormons' 'cause Grandma Price'll be praying."

And silence fell over the little cabin tucked away among the pines. The fire burned low as did the red sun in the western heavens. Night voices drifted through the window openings. The boy crept out into the shadows and soon his shrill voice was heard calling the hogs from far corners of the woods. A dog barked. Children laughed. And a mellow chorus of voices from the negro cabins drifted lazily across the field. And in the worn, log cabin Grandma Price communed with unseen glories that came to her with the quiet of the eventide.

* * *

In another part of the county at that very hour two young men were

walking hastily down the road. Each carried a small but sturdy grip and a raincoat. Soft draperies were already falling over the Georgia landscape as the evening advanced. The road was deserted and the woods to the right and left were quiet and mysterious.

"We cannot make it in time for the meeting, Elder Stewart, unless we take the short cut through the swamp," the older of the two pedestrians said, as they crossed a tiny branch or creek and emerged into a clearing.

"Dare we attempt the swamp, Elder? It is pretty dark even now, and southern swamps are not exactly pleasant in broad daylight," his companion replied earnestly.

"Elder, we must fill that appointment. People are coming for miles around. Brother Sargent wrote us, you know, and if we fail to appear after the Statesboro affair, they'll brand us cowards, and a southerner hates a coward, especially a 'Mormon' coward, if there is such a one."

"Well, what can we do? If we stick to this road we won't get to Brother Sargent's before 10.30 at best?"

"There is only one thing to do—cross the swamp."

"You are the senior, Elder Glynn, and I'm with you. Let's cut across this field here and try to find the path."

The missionaries climbed over the rail fence and made their way nimbly across the meadow to the heavy belt of timber fringing the swamp.

Now, a southern swamp is not an inviting place to traverse during the day, but at night the terrors are increased many fold. Well did the missionaries know what dangers lurked in that dark marsh, emitting its miasmatic breath day and night. They had before seen the decaying vegetation, the stunted trees, the grotesque rotting logs, the monstrous ferns dripping with the ooze that is never

warmed by the sunlight, for sunlight never penetrates that labyrinth of semi-tropic growth. Further, they knew what queer and poisonous beasts and reptiles lived in the slimy swamp grass that sank into the spongy earth with every step. Paths there were, but where?

On toward the swamp the elders hastened. As they approached the trees, Elder Glynn stopped abruptly, dropped his grip and looking at his companion, said: "Brother Stewart, we have forgotten something."

"Yes, you are right. We have forgotten a very important something."

And entering deeper into the brush, the elders kneeled in prayer.

On resuming their search for the path, the missionaries soon found a winding trail through the outskirts of the fen, and this they followed until they encountered a tiny yellow light shining through the trees on their right. It was now quite dark.

"We will get some information here," Elder Glynn said, as they came to the clearing centered by a rough log cabin.

As they emerged from the gloom, a dog punctured the stillness with a series of piercing howls. The mongrel showed its teeth wickedly at the approach of the elders, who by now were apprehensive about advancing farther. At this juncture a man appeared in the doorway of the cottage and with a sharp rebuke sent the cur whining to safety beneath the house.

"Hello, what do you all want here at this time o' night?" the man in the doorway yelled.

"We want a little information, sir. We want to find the shortest path through the swamp," one of the newcomers replied as they neared the cottage door.

The lanky Georgia woodsman grinned, eyed the strangers slowly, then sneered:

"Say, you're all crazy. You never could get through the swamp tonight. You'd get lost and perish. Come

closer, let's see who you are anyway."

The door was opened wider, and the light from a chimney-less oil lamp on the kitchen table fell directly on the two missionaries:

"Mormons."

"Yes, sir, 'Mormons,' and we have advertised preaching at Mr. Charley Sargent's tonight and we want to get there on time, if possible. Won't you please help us find the path?"

A woman appeared in the doorway and stood beside the man, whose face was now showing real hostility.

"Look at 'em Ethel—'Mormon' preachers. They want to get through the swamp. I guess it wouldn't be a bad idea to let you all go through the swamp tonight and perish. It would save us Bullock County men a lot o' trouble later on," the man grinned meanly.

Then—

"Say—git. You fellers git, I tell you—"

"O, Homer, please don't let these men go into the swamp tonight alone. Even if they are 'Mormons' they are human folks, and it would be murder, Homer."

Thus pleaded the frail, little woman at the elbow of her husband. The man seemed to calm a trifle, and as the missionaries started to leave, he cried:

"Well, I guess it would be kinda brutal even for a 'Mormon.' But really, men, you all couldn't get through alone. I'd carry you across, yes, I really would, if my little girl wasn't wild with fever. I daren't leave the wife with her alone, she's so puny herself."

"May—may we see the child, sir?"

There was a silence. The man's face was a study, and it was plain that a battle was raging within. No conflict, however, was registered on the face of the wife. Her look was appealing, the light that only lingers in a mother's eye.

"Come in," at length dropped from the lips of the woodsman.

The missionaries followed the pair through a smoky kitchen into an adjoining bed chamber. The light from the kitchen lamp shed a ghastly glow over the face of the tiny sufferer, who, wracked with malaria, lay tossing on her pillow, her thin hands and arms stretching pleadingly toward the mother.

"There she is, Elders, you can see she is right bad off."

"Mommy, who are these men? I don't want them, mommy. They are more doctors, and I hate doctors, they give you so much of that terrible calomel. Send them away, mommy, send them away," piped the slowly-dying tot.

"Ruthie May, they are not doctors, they are ministers, dear, and they are going to pray for you to get well."

"O—I'm—s o—g l a d, m o m m y. Pl—ease—let them—"

And the little patient sank deeper into her pillow.

"Is it your—wish—Mr.—"

"Price."

"Yes—Homer Price—the man who led the mob at Statesboro last Saturday."

"Homer—" pleaded the wife.

"Hush, wife. Yes, I'm the man, and I can still use a gun and I've got one handy," and he jerked a thumb toward the kitchen.

"But, gentlemen, I ain't agoing to use it. I've been a thinkin' the last few minutes pretty hard. You see you all comin' here tonight was mighty strange. Me and the wife have been aprayin' for help 'cause the doctor has done given up Ruthie May, but we still believe in God and—and—we—just—can't give—her—up—Elders—"

The strong man of the woods sobbed.

"And I've been athinkin' maybe the Lord sent you to our cabin tonight to bless our Ruthie May. So please go ahead, Elders."

And in the quiet of the little Georgia cabin the holy ordinance of administering to the sick was reverently car-

ried out in behalf of suffering Ruthie May. A glory seemed to fill the tiny cottage as the blessings of health and life were invoked. A light seemed to rest over the bed of the sweet sufferer, and a new tranquility soothed the hearts of the parents watching and listening beside the bed.

The prayer was finished and instantly beneath the eyes of the wondering group a miracle happened. The child fell into healthy sleep, whispering: "O, mommy, thank the good men, my pain is all gone."

"Your child is better, Brother Price, we must now press on, for the night is advancing. I fear we'll be late now, but what is more precious than the life of a child? Come, Elder, we must be going," said Elder Glynn, a quarter of an hour later.

"And I'll go with you—now," rejoined Homer Price, rising and reaching for his hat.

"Yes, Homer dear, please go with them. And may God bless and preserve you Elders," cried the little mother, tears of joy standing in her eyes.

"Come along, we'll still be in time."

A week later—it was a Sunday afternoon—a motley crowd assembled on the banks of a small river in the heart of the Georgia woodland. Great trees bent low to kiss the water, warm and placid beneath the August sunshine. Great clusters of water lilies swayed delicately on the surface reflecting their grace in the green depths. Overhead, the sky was flecked with traces of white clouds, and the air everywhere was enriched with the scent of sweet magnolias.

What a lovely setting for a Latter-day Saint baptismal service! And what a heavenly peace must have rested on the little group of converts standing reverently on the brink of the river. They all looked happy—Mr. Homer and Mrs. Homer Price, Ruthie May, a picture in a snow white frock, and Grandma Price, her face radiant with a new-found youth.

Grandma Price was baptized last, and as she grasped the strong arm of Elder Glynn, who was helping her into the water, she cried:

"Didn't I tell you all, Elder, that prayers are always answered in the right way."

The Cheerful Worker

Work is never what it should be unless it is animated by cheerfulness. Some people who are very industrious are industrious under protest. They pity themselves continually for their hard lot, and are embittered when they see others eating the bread of idleness. Industry of this sort wears the worker out. It means impoverished health, unstrung nerves and shortened life.

Stolid work is little better than reluctant work. Some people toil all their lives as if they were some sort of machine. They do not grumble, and neither do they rejoice. There is no reward in work of this kind, no inspiration. When cheerfulness is blended with the daily tasks so that the

two can not be thought of separately, then the work of life becomes the joy of life as well. Workers of this sort can do a prodigious amount without breaking down. They continue to look young and feel young, after their contemporaries have retired to the easy chair. They are much more likely to make money than either of the other classes named; but, even without that, the joy of their work is reward enough.

Form the habit of doing your work cheerfully. Go to it, not with dragging feet, but alertly and with anticipation. No one who works happily can think of life as anything but as a success.—*Ex.*

The South Pointing Chariot

Readers of the Book of Mormon: You will be interested in knowing that there is an incident recorded in the ancient Chinese classics which reads very much like the story of the Liahona or the Directors as recorded in the Book of Mormon.

In ancient China we find a somewhat similar incident, as given in the writings of "The Shoo King," a classical history of early China.

This history tells about the duke of Chow, who lived in China during the great Chow period, before the 6th century B. C., and who was one of the greatest men that China has produced and probably one of the greatest statesmen the world has ever known. He was not only a statesman but he was an inventor, a great scholar, an astronomer, and mathematician. He is credited with being the discoverer of the "Mariner's Compass," or as the Chinese called it "The South Pointing Chariot."

The fame of the Duke's rule was carried far and wide and the whole Empire became harmonious and tranquil.

"At that time," says Fahshang in his Introduction to the Shoo, "ambassadors came from Yue Chang, with three elephants, and interpreters speaking nine languages, and presented a white pheasant. Kew Cheng put these men in the hands of the Duke of Chow to be entertained.

When the ambassadors were asked on what business they came they replied through their interpreters, that the elders of their country had ordered them to come because for three years they had experienced neither

winds nor tempests in their land and that was taken as a great sign that there was a wise sage ruling in the Middle Kingdom. (Meaning the kingdom ruled over by the Duke of Chow.)

When the ambassadors returned they were given presents by the Duke of Chow to their King and among these were five chariots "containing a new invention." While we do not know exactly what this "pointer" was, it is said by the Chinese to have been kept in a box on the chariot and in the box was a hand that pointed south. The chariots accommodated the travelers and the "pointer" indicated a constant direction and by this they were able to determine the route.

But now comes the most interesting part. "The machine was very useful to the envoys, for when they came to one of the old kingdoms which bordered on the sea, the envoys are said to have taken some barges and by means of the instrument on the south pointing chariot, which they took with them, they sailed the sea and it took them only one year to return to their own kingdom."

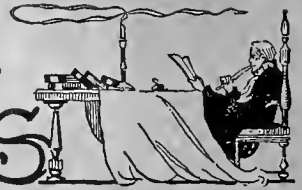
The remarkable thing about the story of the "South Pointing Chariot" is not the story itself but the way in which the story was interpreted by early western students of the Chinese classics who did not understand that the Chinese knew about the secrets of the mariner's compass.

The account does not sound miraculous to us, as it did to those scholars, because we understand the compass and this account was merely a description of a natural phenomenon.

Edna H. Thomas.

"To know that we have weaknesses and faults, and to say in our hearts that we are going to rise and be strong and overcome them, is to become strong sooner or later."

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS



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SALT LAKE CITY - JULY, 1924

The Divinity of Christ

I rejoice exceedingly in that very wonderful testimony that Sidney Rigdon and the Prophet Joseph bear to us in the Seventy-sixth Section of the Doctrine and Covenants:

"And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony last of all, which we give of him, that he lives;

"For we saw him, even on the right

*Excerpt from remarks of President Heber J. Grant, made at Deseret Sunday School Union Conference, April 6, 1924.

hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—

"That by him and through him, and of him the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God."

We, as no other people in the world, have the absolute and perfect faith and assurance that Jesus is in very deed the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world. There is no doubt in the heart of any Latter-day Saint regarding the divine mission of Jesus Christ. Every Latter-day Saint living believes absolutely in the testimony of the boy, Joseph Smith, that God, our Father, did introduce to him Jesus Christ, his well-beloved Son, the Redeemer of the world, and told Joseph Smith to hear him, and that the Savior delivered a message to him. We believe absolutely that Jesus did appear in the Kirtland Temple. We believe that Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon did hear the voice from heaven, as I have quoted the words declaring these things. All the disbelief of all the wide world cannot change these truths if they are truths, and every Latter-day Saint believes in them.

May God help each and every soul that has a testimony of the divinity of the work in which we are engaged to live it, that our lives may proclaim it to those that know not the truth.

Marion Lawrance Passes

In the death of Marion Lawrance, which occurred at Portland, Oregon, May 1, the world lost one of its greatest Sunday School workers. Mr. Lawrance, who was born in Ohio, began his connection with Sunday Schools at a very early age. He was International General Secretary for

twenty-three years and attended conventions in every state and country in North America, and almost every other country in the world. He crossed the Atlantic sixteen times; the Mediterranean four; the Pacific two, all in the interests of Sunday School work. He averaged approximately 30,000 miles a year, a total of about a million miles of travel—equal to forty trips around the world. He had a fine flexible, powerful voice with clear enunciation. That he was tactful is shown at the merger of International and World Sunday School interests accomplished in Kansas City a few years ago when the question of control arose. He said he was reminded of that couple who had just been married. Immediately after the ceremony the husband turned to the wife, both of them no longer very young, and said emphatically, "Now there is one question we must settle right here, and that is, who is going to be boss." The wife looked at the husband and then said quietly, "You will be happier if you don't know."

While Mr. Lawrance's work was along secretarial lines and had to do

mostly with organization and discipline, he was of a refined and poetic nature as evidenced by an inscription made by him in a birthday message to a friend. He wrote: "The Hollyhock has always been my favorite garden flower, representing as it does the course of life. Near the ground are the seed buds of the flowers that were not dead but full of life; like the yesterdays of good deeds that never die. Next are the full grown flowers in all the glory of the present; while climbing upward to the very top are the spires of the unopened buds beckoning us to the tasks and opportunities awaiting us."

Mr. Lawrance visited some of the Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools in Utah in 1902, more than twenty-two years ago, and afterwards said publicly in Washington, D. C., "the Sunday Schools of the 'Mormon' Church are the best in the world."

No doubt the International Sunday School workers will miss this man, for he was one of the outstanding characters, connected with the great Sunday School movement in his generation.



SECTION OF PAPEETE BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOL, TAHITIAN MISSION
(See Missionary Department, page 357.)



A JEWISH LAW SCHOOL IN JERUSALEM

A short time ago a great conference of Jewish rabbis was held in New York. It was a notable gathering. There were delegates from the United States and Canada, and some distinguished visitors from abroad.

One of the propositions carried at that meeting was to establish in Jerusalem a great school for the Jews all over the world, with the special object of teaching and expounding the Mosaic Law—the Torah, as they call it. Chief Rabbi Kook of Jerusalem, who delivered an address in pure Hebrew, gave expression to a significant thought. He said there are now two world centers of Judaism, one in Palestine and one in the United States. There must be co-operation between the two. That could be effected through such schools. To that center of learning students from all the world would flock, he added, so that again "Torah [the law] will come out from Zion and the word of God from Jerusalem."

Whatever pertains to the building up of Palestine is interesting to us, because we believe that the gathering of the Jews and the restoration of the Holy Land are to precede the coming of the Lord.*

MODERN EGYPT

Of great interest is also that which transpires in the Mohammedan world.

*At the April conference in Nauvoo, 1843, the Prophet said: "Judah must return. Jerusalem must be rebuilt, and the temple, and water come out from under the temple, and the waters of the Dead Sea be healed * * * and all this must be done before the Son of Man will make his appearance." (History of the Church, Vol. 5, p. 337. Comp. Ezek. 47:1-12.)

Egypt is now an independent country for the first time in almost 2,500 years. In 525, B. C., the country was invaded by the Persian Kambyeses, and since then it has been ruled, and often misruled, by Persians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Turks, French and British. Now it has a democratic form of government with a national party and a strong party leader, Saad Pasha Zaghlul, whom the people all but worship.

The constitution of the new Egypt guarantees equality and religious liberty, but it also makes Islam the religion of the state, and in that religion there are no such principles as equality and liberty. The problem, therefore, is how the new order of things can be carried out and Islam at the same time be upheld.

However, it seems that the redemption of Egypt and the restoration of Palestine go hand in hand, and that fulfils the word of the Prophet Isaiah (19:23-25):

"In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians shall serve [worship] with the Assyrians. In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land; whom the Lord of Hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt, my people, and Assyria, the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance."

We often speak of the redemption of Palestine. But that is only a small part of the work promised. The entire "near East," and the entire earth is to be redeemed in the due time of the Lord.

PROTESTANT ACTIVITIES

In our own country many religious bodies have met in conference the past weeks.

The Episcopal Methodists at Springfield, Mass., May 27, decided to permit their members, in the future, to go to places of amusement and to dance. But they rejected a proposition to amend the so-called Apostolic Creed by eliminating the word "Catholic." The Methodist Protestant church, on the other hand, at Tiffin, Ohio, May 26, voted to drop that word. Their amended article now reads: "I believe in the holy church of Christ," instead of "I believe in the holy Catholic church." By these proceedings the Methodists in the United States have two different "apostolic" creeds, and I presume they will tell us that both are "apostolic."

The Presbyterian general assembly at San Antonio, Texas, on May 21, declared against the theory of organic evolution and affirmed its belief in the creation of Adam out of matter previously created out of nothing—thus virtually asking us to believe that Nothing is the source and origin of the human family!

Two large groups of Presbyterians are about to unite. They separated on the slave question many years ago. Now they are trying to forget that issue. At the general assembly the moderators of the Presbyterian church in the United States (South) and of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America, clasped hands on the rostrum as the first tangible personal indication of a possible union of the two bodies.

PROSECUTION FOR HERESY

The Protestant Episcopal church has staged a heresy trial against a retired bishop, Rt. Rev. Wm. Montgomery Brown. The charge against him is that he, by his own admission, does not believe that Jesus of Nazareth ever existed, or that the miracles of the Bible ever occurred.

The bishop, in defense, stated that he believes every word in the Bible, in the Book of Common Prayer, and in the Apostolic and Nicene creeds,

but only in a "symbolic" sense. The jury, unable to accept the "symbolic" sense as orthodox, declared him guilty of "heresy."

That does not close the matter, however. There will be appeals and discussions, and the case may be in public view for some time.

CATHOLIC AIMS

But of more importance, as I believe the people of the United States will realize in a not far distant future, are the aims and activities of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York, a Catholic, has been frequently mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidency. That has raised a discussion as to his eligibility, on account of his religion. On one side it is maintained that in this country religious considerations are, and should be, foreign to politics. On the other hand it is claimed that Romanism is less of a religion than a political structure; that, in fact, the head of the organization is a secular ruler, who aims at world dominion, employing religious means for political ends, and using the machinery of the state, wherever possible, for the furtherance of religious activities, contrary to the very spirit and genius of American government.

This is the contention.

To what extent it is, or is not, in accordance with facts we need not discuss at this time. But one fact should be mentioned. When the recently created American Cardinal Mundelein returned to Chicago, he was greeted as a royal person by the people there. A million dollars had been collected for him, to be used for purposes of propaganda.

Shortly afterwards, his eminence, in an address pointed out, as reported, that the Catholic propaganda had mainly confined itself to the larger cities and neglected the rural districts, although it was the rural population that controlled the central government. This would be changed. Churches

would be built in the rural communities everywhere, and priests would be sent there. The reference to the central government in this connection leaves no doubt about the final aims of Romanism in the United States.

This leads irresistibly to a brief review of what Rome actually has gained lately. As a consequence of the world war thrones fell and crowns were scrapped. Nations were reduced to destruction and ruin. But not so Rome. True, the Austrian empire which was Rome's political cornerstone in Europe, was broken up, but a new Catholic state, Poland, was created instead. France has again approached the papal throne, and in Italy the Vatican and the Quirinal are clasping hands diplomatically. The pope now receives diplomatic representatives from, and maintains papal nuncios in, many countries. In some of the Baltic

states Protestantism has practically been crowded out by Catholicism. In Germany, Lutheranism, brought almost to the verge of collapse by the corroding action of "modernism," is overshadowed by Catholicism.

Such are some of the signs of the times. They indicate to us the urgent need of the world, of the gospel of Christ. Neither Catholicism nor the other world religions have, after centuries of application, been able to save the world from crime, from poverty, from war, contention, sickness, ignorance, superstition and other great evils. There is only one remedy against sin and all its consequences, and that is the gospel, of which the apostle asserts that "it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." (Rom. 1:16.)

Think Happy Thoughts

Some pleasant and inspiring thought
Each morning bring to mind
And keep it with you through the day—
Great help 'twill be you'll find.

When in deep trouble you may be
When clouds seem dark and low,
Repeat it o'er and you will find
Clouds vanish, sunbeams glow.

Should melancholy shadows steal
Within your soul today,
Repeat again this helpful thought
The gloom will fade away.

If tempted to be angry, then
Repeat this thought and see
How angry thoughts, when good
appear
Will very quickly flee.

Fill life with service true, and leave
No room for thoughts unkind;
You'll find each day with pleasure rife
And peace will fill your mind.

Ethel R. Lillywhite

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK



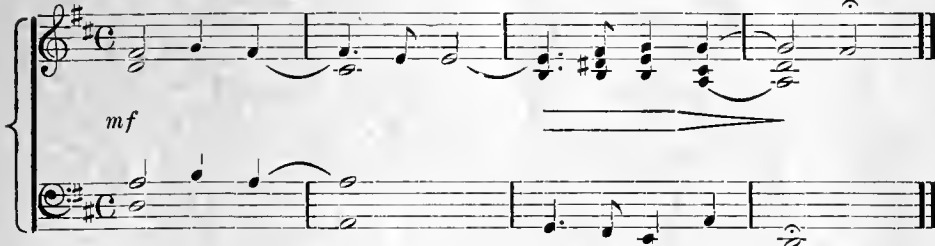
Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

Prelude

Slow and well sustained.

C. C. STEARNS.



SACRAMENT GEM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1924

"Purify our hearts, our Savior, let us go not far astray,
That we may be counted worthy of Thy Spirit, day by day."

Postlude



CONCERT RECITATION FOR SEPTEMBER 7, 1924

(James, Chapter I, Verse 27)

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

CONCERT RECITATION FOR SEPTEMBER 14, 21, 28, 1924

(Matt. Chapter 5, Verse 13)

"Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

Fast Day Song, September 7, 1924

D. S. S. Songs, No. 207: "Have I Done Any Good in the World Today."

Uniform Fast Day Lesson for September, 1924

Subject: Why do I believe that I should be helpful to others?

The sole purpose of this lesson is, of course, to inspire the class with a burning desire to help humanity to live better in every way. The ideal of Christianity is not only to put an end to human sorrow and suffering but also to help place humanity on such a high physical and spiritual plane that the environment of sorrow and suffering will be a thing of the past.

To so inspire the class two questions need be answered: First, why am I morally obligated to be helpful to others?

Second, how may I help others?

I am morally under obligation to help others to pay the debt I owe God and humanity for the help that has come and constantly comes to me.

I have inherited very much of all the best that past ages have been able to think out,—clothing, shelter, food, literature, science, government, religion. What would I be if others had not worked hard and unselfishly along these lines for me? How great is my debt to Moses, to Jesus, to Washington, to Lincoln, to Shakespeare, to Emerson, to all the valiant toilers of the ages, no matter what field they worked in! If I make wealth through farming, through investing in industrial stocks, through merchandising, or through any modern method, I am getting my wealth because great toilers made inventions or thought out new plans of industrial development. He is a miser who having received great help is not willing to recognize his indebtedness by helping others.

Again, I am morally obligated to help others because the great purpose of life is development. We are sent on earth to grow or to realize ourselves. The most wretched sight is the sight of one whose possibilities of self realization have become blighted through physical or mental hurt. Not to be able to grow is complete stagnation; dead, but yet alive. Modern ethics teaches that man's highest good is the complete development of all the powers of each individual of the whole human race. Could this ideal be realized earth would be heaven. Jesus, who understood the supreme value of developing human personality, taught very clearly that "the only possible way to serve God

is through the service of men." No other view can be taken of his great stories, "The Good Samaritan" and "The Prodigal Son." Even one's enemies were to be the recipients of help. "And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again."—Luke 6:34, 35.

Finally, helpful co-operation makes the world's work possible. "Ten men working together can accomplish what one hundred cannot accomplish working separately." One man makes poor progress hauling hay. Two soon clear a large field.

Now, as to our opportunities for helping and the motives that should guide us, let us remember that all that we do should be for the development of the children of our Heavenly Father. A struggling boy was given work after school by a kind merchant. The boy became a professor in a university. A widowed mother was given employment in a book establishment. Her children could attend school and all graduated from college. A stranded traveler in a desert was shown how to adjust his electrical apparatus and soon was on his way rejoicing.

There are many sins that will be forgiven us, but it is hard to see how we can square ourselves with God if we neglect to aid his needy children here on earth.

1924 Auxiliary Group Conventions

The Auxiliary Group Convention season with the Relief Societies, Sunday Schools, Young Mens and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and Primary Associations, co-operating, will open July 19, 1924, and will extend through the months of August, September, October and November. The plan heretofore adopted of holding these Conventions in connection with the regular Quarterly conferences of the Stakes will be followed. The whole of the first day of the Conference, usually Saturday, and the forenoon of the second day, usually Sunday, will be devoted to meetings of the Auxiliaries. A regular Quarterly Conference session will be held at 2 p. m. in the afternoon of the second day, usually Sunday.

The schedule of meetings has been simplified, fewer meetings are programmed, but the work is none the less intensive and thorough.

The general plan contemplates a joint meeting of the members of all Auxiliary,

Stake Boards, separate meetings of the Stake Boards of each Auxiliary with Stake and Ward officers, a public meeting giving each Auxiliary opportunity to present its message and appeal to the people, and an interview of the general representatives with their respective Stake Superintendencies or Presidencies and Secretaries. The Stake and Ward Music committees and Recreational committees will also meet.

An attendance contest among Auxiliary Associations is planned. The Stake and Ward organizations will vie with each other for first honors for attendance of their workers at Convention meetings. 100% attendance of all Stake Board members and a full representation from each Ward will be sought. Programs of the meetings will be distributed to Stake and Ward presiding authorities. Other necessary, general and special instructions will be sent out from the office of the General Board. The success of the Convention in each Stake and for each organization depends upon the full co-operation, support and attendance of Stake Board and Ward workers, and the Conventions are planned with no other thought acceptable than that every Convention will be thoroughly successful.

Ward and Stake Sunday School Workers' Preparation

Preparation is the keynote of the Sunday School meetings of the Auxiliary Group Convention this year. The public meeting to be held on the morning of the second day of the Convention, usually Sunday, will be devoted to the Sunday School, and the preparation of Sunday School Workers will be the central theme. The major portion of the time will be occupied by demonstrations to be given by Stake and Ward workers whose preparation for the occasion must be thorough and painstaking.

The first demonstration programed for this meeting is to be conducted by a Stake Board member illustrating the processes involved in the organization of lesson material. All Stake and Ward Sunday School workers will participate. This demonstration will be designated as "A Sunday School Teacher's Study Period." The subject will be, "The Temptations of Jesus." Detailed instructions will be sent out from the office of the General Board to the Stake Superintendent for the use of the Stake Board worker who will be assigned by the Stake Superintendent to conduct this demonstration.

We urge that arrangements be made by

the Stake Superintendency whereby a Stake Board member will be assigned to each Ward in which a study period on the subject of "The Temptation of Jesus," will be held with all officers and teachers of the Ward, under the supervision of the Stake Board member. The text from which the discussion on "The Temptation of Jesus," will be had, will be found in Matthew 4:1-11 and Luke 4:1-14.

The next feature of the second day's program is a demonstration of how this same Sunday School lesson should be presented to an Intermediate class. The Stake Superintendent is charged with the responsibility of selecting a teacher of an Intermediate class, who with the boys and girls will give a demonstration of the actual processes followed in a Sunday School class, in the development of the lesson. Full instructions covering this feature will be sent to the Stake Superintendent for the use of the teacher who is to conduct it.

The third feature of the morning program of the second day will be a dramatization of, "A Boy's Temptation." Here again the Stake Superintendent will be responsible for the selection of those who are to appear.

In conclusion a member of the General Board will summarize the program.

Summary

Every officer and teacher in the Stake will, by previous preparation, be ready on the second morning of the Conference to participate in the study period demonstration to be conducted by a Stake Board member.

The Ward teacher who is selected to conduct the demonstration of a class recitation will have all details prepared incident to the presentation of the lesson, "The Temptation of Jesus."

"A Boy's Temptation," will be presented by a class especially selected by the Stake Superintendent.

In the Sunday Schools on Convention Day

The General Board urges the attendance of all regular Sunday School workers, both Ward and Stake, at the Auxiliary Group Convention. This will necessarily mean that the corps of regular officers and teachers will be taken from the Sunday Schools on the Sunday when the Convention is held. However, the Sunday Schools should not be dismissed on that account. In fact, we recommend that the Ward Superintendency select as early as possible for training, male members of the Sunday School from the advanced classes to act as Superintendency, Secretary, Chorister

and Organist, and that each department head select competent persons, male or female, to take charge of the separate departments substituting for the regular corps of workers who will be in attendance at the Convention. The persons so selected should be promptly notified and properly coached for their duties.

Class work as provided in the *Juvenile Instructor* for the Sunday in question may be dispensed with and the following program rendered:

- I. Opening Exercises: Same as usual with the exception of the singing practice which may be dispensed with.
- II. Song: By Kindergarten class.
- III. A Story told me by My Teacher—Member of First Intermediate Class.
- IV. Song: By Primary Class.
- V. The Faith of Our Fathers: Recitation of the Articles of Faith by thirteen members of an Intermediate class. An article by each.

VI. Song: By Sunday School. Two Verses—"Shall the Youth of Zion Falter?"

VII. Sunday School Reading: Matt. 6: 13-18—By member of Second Intermediate Class.

VIII. Five 3 minute talks:

- a. How we got our knowledge of God (Joseph Smith's vision) by member of one of the advanced classes.
- b. How we got the Book of Mormon—by member of same class.
- c. How we got our knowledge of baptism—By a member of the same class.
- d. How we received the Holy Priesthood—By a member of the same class.
- e. How we obtained our knowledge of the Salvation for the Dead—By member of same class.

IX. Song: By Sunday School—"We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet."

X. Benediction:



Albert Hamer Reiser, General Secretary

Summer Enlistment Work

During the summer months the curve of Sunday School attendance swings downward. During this period every effort should be made to make the appeal for Sunday School as strong as possible, in order to counteract the effects of many other strong appeals for the attention and interest of Sunday School pupils.

Sunday School work is as important in the summer time as at any time. No let-up is provided in the program. In fact, the Sunday School workers' program should contain a very definite provision for harder work during the summer than may be necessary at other seasons of the year.

Enlistment work and visits to absentees should continue with renewed effort. There will be more absentees than usual. The need for adequate missionary rolls and for prompt weekly reports showing pupils who are absenting themselves is especially felt during the summer.

Secretaries should prepare such rolls and reports and do all they can to assist teachers and members of enlistment committees in doing effective work.

Census Records

Weber stake Sunday Schools have a census record which commends itself to all Sunday Schools. The Stake Board

made each school a present of a loose leaf cover and a supply of specially printed and ruled sheets for this record. The plan for the use of the record contemplates the use of one sheet for each family. The sheet bears the name of the Ward and the caption "Sunday School Census 192.....". Space is next provided for the "Father's name, if living" and the "Mother's name, if living," with a notation as to whether or not they are members of the Church. Space for the address and phone number, is also provided. Then follows a line for each child and columns for the following items: "Sex," "Date of Birth," "Age," "Baptized—Yes or No," "Priesthood," "Remarks." At the bottom of the page a record may be made of the number of "Juvenile" subscribers in the family.

This form is clear and simple. The initial work of compiling the record either by an actual canvas of the ward or by consulting the ward clerk's record can be so planned as to make it easy and pleasant.

The usefulness of the record when completed is very great. In fact, if the record is consistently, completely and intelligently compiled and used it will prove to be invaluable.

This record should be the beginning of other records which teachers might keep. Certain authorities on religious education

advocate the keeping of a written record of each child, for the purpose of collecting data which will give the teacher the most intimate knowledge possible of each individual child, covering his physical, mental and moral points of weakness and strength, notes on his home life, the attitude of his parents, statements

of his day school teachers estimate of him, and such other pertinent data.

If such records can bring teacher and pupil closer together in a stronger bond of sympathy and understanding, a great power will be acquired which will carry the Sunday School a long way on the road to success.

MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Committee: Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER

For Sunday Schools in which there are only three departments. All other schools should follow the outlines provided for each department as published in the Juvenile Instructor.

Theological Department

Text: "Restoration of the Gospel," by O. J. P. Widtsoe. See Advanced Theological lessons, this issue, for outlines.

Intermediate Department

Text: "What Jesus Taught," by O. J. P. Widtsoe. See Second Intermediate Department, this issue, for outlines.

Primary Department

Text: "Bible and Church History Stories." See Primary Department, this issue, for outlines.

Sunday Schools of Tahitian Mission

Elder O. B. Peterson, President of the Tahitian Mission, writes to the Juvenile Instructor as follows:

Enclosed is a picture of the Sunday School Superintendency and a picture of part of the school of the Papeete Branch, Tahitian Mission, (see page 349) which will, no doubt, be of interest to the many readers of the "Juvenile."

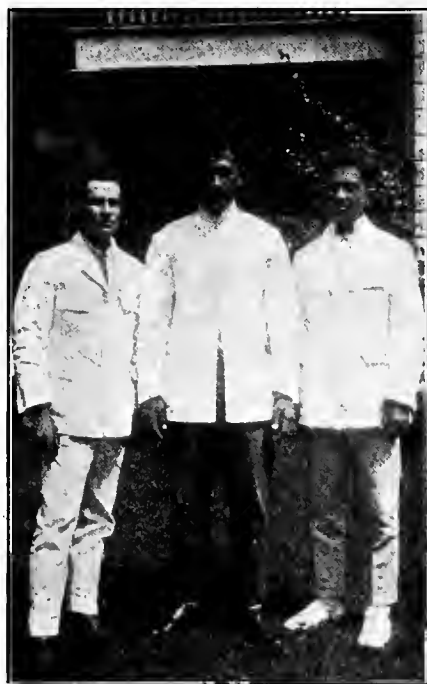
Superintendency: Emile Tita a. Tehua, Supt. (center); Tetavahi a Mariteragi, 1st Asst. (right); Marcel Bonet, 2nd Asst. (left).

This is the first time the Sunday School was ever regularly organized in this branch. Though the work has been conducted each Sunday for many years, it has been always under the direction of the missionaries from Zion.

Our attendance ranges from twenty-five to as high as fifty, about equally di-

vided into two classes—a children's class and an adults' class. The Superintendency, however, are planning to create another department, or possibly two more, making four departments or classes, in the school.

The Sunday School organizations of our other mission branches are fairly active, especially in Takaroa, Hikueru and Tubuai, where they are endeavoring, with the assistance of the missionaries, to conform their work to the standards in Zion.



Superintendency Papeete Branch Sunday School, Tahitian Mission

Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Petersen

ORGAN ACCOMPANYING

By Tracy Y. Cannon

2.—Conclusion

Certain problems enter into an organ accompaniment of a hymn or song that are not present when the accompaniment is played on the piano. One of these problems is that more often than not the piece to be accompanied is written especially for the piano. The piano being a percussion instrument and having a damper pedal enables the composer to spread out the tones in such a manner that they cannot be sustained by the hands without the aid of the damper pedal. On the reed organ the tones are sustained only so long as the keys remain depressed by the fingers of the players, so that when the tones of the chords are spread out beyond the reach of the hand, the organist must either omit certain tones or else "bunch" the harmonies by bringing the tones of the chords into a closer position to each other. It is not always easy for the young organist to know which tones to omit or how to "bunch" the harmonies. Only the organist who has studied harmony or had much experience in sight reading can successfully re-arrange such music on the "spur of the moment."

Another condition which is disturbing to the organist in playing piano music is that some passages which are very beautiful on the piano when the damper pedal is used sound thin and uninteresting on the organ. These passages must be re-arranged so that certain tones of the passage are sustained to give the effect of solidity. In repeated chords when played staccato on the organ the effect would be poor unless part of the tones were sustained instead of struck repeatedly. These problems here mentioned are treated at some length in the "Organists' Manual," lessons 14 and 15. It is strongly urged that those organists who do not now possess this manual immediately order one from the Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, and study the lessons referred to. (A careful study of the entire Manual will greatly aid any young organist in his organ playing.)

In the selection of stops the organist must use good judgment. They must be of the right pitch, color and strength.

8 feet stops form the ground work of all registration. 4 feet stops added to 8 feet give brightness. 16 feet stops, except in the bass part where single tones are played, should generally be avoided in all accompaniments. Lessons 11, 12 and 13 in the "Organists' Manual" contain much information on registration. These lessons should be carefully studied in connection with the material here given.

In accompanying a hymn the organist should "announce" the hymn with a good, distinct rhythm. And it should be played in the tempo in which it is to be sung. The registration should fit the spirit of the hymn. If the sentiment be that of life, joy or praise, use 8 feet stops reinforced by 4 feet stops and octave couplers. If it be that of repose, fewer 4 feet stops need be used. Always study the spirit of the pieces to be accompanied. The organist is the one who creates the atmosphere of the music.

Interludes are exceedingly important. They may entirely kill the spirit of the hymn or be very beautiful and inspiring. It is recommended that the organist study the article on Interludes by Edward P. Kimball in the Choristers and Organists' Department of the May, 1924, "Juvenile Instructor." Much helpful information is there given.

In accompanying solos care must be exercised that the stops used blend with the voice or instrument being accompanied. Very frequent change of stops is unnecessary but at certain points where the spirit or character of the piece changes a stop added or taken away, or the color completely changed, makes for interest and avoids monotony.

Seek for interest in registration, in expression and in rhythm; but remember that an accompaniment must be only the background or setting for the solo. The accompaniment should give atmosphere and enhance the beauty of that which it accompanies; but it must keep its own place. The melody is king and holds the center of interest.

Discussion

1. Name and discuss three problems that present themselves to the organist in playing a piano accompaniment on the reed organ.

2. Why are 16 feet stops not to be generally used in accompaniments?

3. When may 4 feet stops be used with good effect?

4. How is color obtained on the organ? Discuss color in organ playing.

5. How should a hymn be "announced" on the organ?

6. What is an ideal accompaniment on the organ?

Song Analysis

By P. Melvin Petersen

Song No. 144 Deseret Sunday School Songs. "Kind and Heavenly Father."

This is one of the many beautiful songs composed by our beloved Brother Evan Stephens and should be in the repertoire of every Sunday School. It is a beautiful prayer in song, and can be readily understood by even the youngest children.

Choristers! If you will read and study the words of this song, you will no doubt receive a great amount of inspiration and in turn be able to inspire your school with the true spirit of the text.

This song is written in six-eight measure, the dotted quarter being the note receiving one count or one beat. The correct method of beating is down (1, 2, 3) up (4, 5, 6), or two beats to each measure. Rhythm, which is the regular recurrence of strong and weak accents, is the life of all music.

"Rhythm is poise, and poise is power. The one characteristic above all others which distinguishes the great man is the fact that he has poise and if one will investigate he will find that the great man has developed his sense of rhythm in some way; he is a reader of poetry, lover of music, architecture; in one way or another, he has developed this important sense. The more highly this wonderful sense is developed the more poise and power accrue to the individual."

The Tempo (rate of speed) is indicated by the word "Andante," meaning moderately slow. Be sure to maintain this tempo throughout. By so doing, strength, dignity and religious fervor will be developed by the voices.

The verse is written for a trio using soprano, alto and bass voices. Both the soprano and alto parts of the verse will be found very interesting because each part is strongly melodic in character. If the alto section of the school is rather weak it would be advisable to practice this part first. By using this method many members of the school will hear some of the beauties of the alto part. This will also strengthen this part. Do not overlook the boys of the Second and Third and Fourth year, First Intermediate departments. Remember, their voices are particularly adapted to sing the alto part.

Although the bass part is not melodic in character, it is equal in importance because it acts as a foundation for all other parts. One way to observe the importance of the bass is to sing the song without this part, then sing the song with the bass part added.

Soprano and tenor parts should be given some prominence in the first four measures of the chorus. "Tune our youthful voices to thy" should be sung with well balanced parts giving the alto and bass some prominence on the word "praise." "Till the song we're singing, to the heaven ringing," is a very effective duet for soprano and alto, with tenor and bass rather subdued. "Mingles with Thy holy angels' lays," should be well balanced for the final phrase of the song.

Choristers: Any song means very little unless the words are sung clearly and distinctly sounding all vowels, and articulating final and initial consonants. Avoiding slurring, except when indicated by the composer. Slurring is a very bad habit to form and hard to overcome. It is also bad for the vocal organs and makes it impossible to pronounce words clearly.

Remember that devotional singing is not always the slow, mournful sliding, or slurring style, but must be dignified, with a majestic style, observing proper phrasing, good tone, accent and a clear singing of the words.

CONSERVATION OF BEAUTY

I will not kill or hunt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort gentle life and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.—John Ruskin.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, E. G. Gowans, Seymour B. Young,
Charles H. Hart, George N. Child, and Milton Bennion*

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 7, 1924

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I should be helpful to others? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Nature of Temple Ordinances

Second Sunday, September 14, 1924

Lesson 16. Preparation for Temple Work

- I. For the Living.
 1. Home training from early childhood: Prayer; Loyalty to God; Kindness; Reverence for sacred things and sacred places (A scriptural reference for each subdivision).
 2. Physical preparation: Morally clean; Physically clean; Word of Wisdom; Body the temple of the soul (Scriptural reference for each).
 3. Mental preparation: Knowledge of the fundamental principles of the Gospel. If you wish to go where God is, you must possess the principles which God possesses. A man is saved no faster than he obtains knowledge (Hist. of Church, Vol. 4, p. 588; Joseph Smith's Teachings, pp. 97-8). A desire to obtain salvation in the celestial kingdom, and willingness to make the necessary sacrifices to obtain it (Matt. 7:21; Doc. and Cov. 76:50-59; 84:20, 21, 24; 132:12).
 4. Spiritual preparation: Observe law of tithing; Keep holy the Sabbath day; Active in Priesthood and auxiliary organizations; Faith in the Gospel; Determination to serve the Lord; Seek guidance of the Spirit of God.
 5. Formal preparation: Have recommend to Temple properly signed; Have Genealogy (complete identification); Have proper Temple clothes.
- II. For the Dead.
 1. The persons who would officiate for the dead must first receive for themselves the ordinance they would receive vicariously for the dead.
 2. Have Genealogy of dead person (complete identification); Have

records entered in temple record book and copied on proper temple sheets.

3. Have recommend properly signed. Also, have proper Temple clothing. Be physically, mentally and morally clean.

Third Sunday, September 21, 1924

Lesson 17. Baptisms, Endowments, etc.

Baptism of the water and of the Spirit is the established rite of naturalization into the kingdom of God (Matt. 3:13-17; Mark 16:16; Luke 7:28-30; John 3:5; Romans 6:3-5; Col. 2:12; Doc. and Cov. 20:73; 76:51; 128:12; 2 Nephi 31:13, 17).

Jesus was baptized in order to fulfill all righteousness (Matt. 3:15; 2 Nephi 31:5-12).

Baptism by Divine authority (Mosiah 21:33; 3 Nephi 11:21-25; Doc. and Cov. 20:72-74; Luke 3:2, 3; John 1:6, 26, 33).

Endowments are the ordinances of the higher or greater Priesthood (Doc. and Cov. 84:19-24). The keys of these were given later (Doc. and Cov. 110:16). They were among the ordinances administered by the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Nauvoo Temple, May 4, 1842 (Hist. of the Church, Vol. 5, pp. 1, 2; Doc. and Cov. 124:40-42).

Ordinances in the Church are for both the living and the dead (John 3:5; 1 Peter 4:6; 1 Cor. 15:12, 29; Doc. and Cov. 128:11, 12, 17, 18; 124:39, 40; Hist. of Church, Vol. 6, pp. 184, 365; Vol. 4, p. 426; Joseph Smith's Teachings, pp. 126-7, 151-153).

It may be well to read these scripture quotations in their order, and thus obtain a comprehensive view of the whole subject.

Fourth Sunday, September 28, 1924

Subject: "The Laws of Habit."

Text: "Parent and Child," Vol. III.

Topics:

Nearly every psychologist of note has formulated a statement of the laws according to which habits are formed, and which must be applied either in breaking up old habits or in forming new ones.

The four maxims formulated by Prof. James given in the text aim at an application of these laws. The laws themselves may be stated as follows:

The Law of Exercise: "Other things being equal, exercise strengthens the bond between situation and response." Therefore, we say repeat many, many

times the act which you wish to make habitual.

The Law of Effect: "Satisfying results strengthen and discomfort weakens the bond between situation and response." Therefore, we say make the responses of the child as satisfying and pleasurable as possible, especially in the beginning of the formation of a habit.

The Law of Constancy: "Never suffer an exception to occur until the new habit is securely rooted in life." No comment is needed here because every thoughtful parent who has set about the task of forming a habit in a child knows that it is fatal to permit the exception.

The advice that should be given every mother after she has an understanding and a working knowledge of the foregoing laws, and without which many mistakes will be made, is embodied in the following suggestions:

1. Form habits. That is, don't permit the child to fall into his habits, but knowing what his habits should be, set about forming them.

2. Give closest supervision in the early stages of the habit. That is, know specifically what you desire the child to do, see that he understands how to do it correctly, and seize every opportunity to get action in accord with the habit.

3. In physical habits as well as in

thinking, secure accuracy first, and speed later.

4. Do not form two habits when one will do as well.

5. Beware of forming a habit which must be broken later.

Some one has said, "To guide first steps rightly is better than to alter false steps later." If this means anything, it means that the time to start is at the beginning. So many parents put off the formation of desirable habits in their children under the fear that it is cruel. As a matter of fact, cruelty lies in the other direction, and not in training. The untrained child grows to be, by the age of five or six years, a disagreeable little tyrant, the slave of his own whims, where with the right kind of training he might easily be good tempered, agreeable, with a measure of self control and a foundation in regularity that would constitute a basis for all future training.

Questions

1. What habits should a child have by the time he is three years old?

2. By what age should he have the habit of obedience?

3. Should a child ever get the idea that selfishness, bad temper, or disobedience pays?

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

Robert L. Judd, Chairman; Albert E. Bowen

Second Year—Great Biblical Characters

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 7, 1924

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I should be helpful to others? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, September 14, 1924

David

Lesson 25. David as a Man and Poet

References: Same as in previous lesson. Book of Psalms.

As a fitting summing up of the life of David and as ample subject matter for the lessons the following is quoted from Lord's "Beacon Lights of History:"

"The warrior-king who conquered the enemies of Israel in a dark and desponding period; the sagacious statesman who gave unity to its various tribes, and

formed them into a powerful monarchy; the matchless poet who bequeathed to all ages a lofty and beautiful psalmody; the saint, who with all his backslidings and inconsistencies was a man after God's own heart—is well worthy of our study. David was the most illustrious of all the kings of whom the Jewish nation was proud, and was a striking type of a good man occasionally enslaved by sin, yet breaking its bounds and rising above subsequent temptations to a higher plane of goodness. A man so elevated, with almost every virtue which makes a man beloved, and yet with defects which will forever stain his memory, cannot easily be portrayed. What character in history presents such wide contradictions? What career was ever more varied? What recorded experiences are more interesting and instructive? A life of heroism, of adventures, of triumphs, of humiliations, of outward and inward conflicts. Who ever loved and hated with more intensity than David?—tender, yet fierce; brave, yet weak; magnanimous, yet unrelenting;



LOVELL WEST WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL, BIG HORN STAKE.

Superintendency when photo was taken: Archie Boyack, Superintendent; Ray Walker, First Assistant; Alma Brown, Second Assistant

exultant, yet sad; committing crimes, yet triumphantly rising after disgraceful falls by the force of a piety so ardent that even his backslidings now appear but as spots upon a sun. His varied experiences call out our sympathy and admiration more than the life of any secluded hero whom poetry and history have immortalized. He was an Achilles and a Ulysses; a Marcus Aurelius and a Theodosius; an Alfred and a Saint Louis combined; equally great in war and peace, in action and in meditation; creating an empire, yet transmitting to posterity a collection of poems identified forever with the spiritual life of individuals and nations."

Third Sunday, September 21, 1924

Solomon

Lesson 26. Solomon as a Man of God

References: II Sam., 12-25; I Kings 1-6; II "Beacon Lights of History," Juvenile Instructor, for July, 1922.

- I. Solomon, son of Bathsheba. Loved of the Lord.
- II. David promised that he should be king.
 1. Ten years old when Absalom rebelled.
 2. Between fifteen and twenty when called to be king.
 3. David's charge to him. I Kings 2:2-9.

III. Solomon as king.

1. His first mistake—his marriage to a daughter of Pharaoh for political purposes.
2. His love of God as shown by his prayer.. I Kings 3:69.
3. Thereafter followed his judgment in the case of the live child claimed by two women.
4. Solomon's great advancement because "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding."
5. He built his temple to the Lord.
6. He wrote his Proverbs.

All this work showed a keen appreciation of God and His part in making Solomon.

Fourth Sunday, September 28, 1924

Review Questions for Third Quarter

1. What made Joshua a great leader?
2. Compare Ruth and Esther as great women, pointing out what made each great.
3. Point out the attributes of character that made Samuel a great judge and leader and David a wonderful king.
4. Contrast Solomon's early life with his later life and point out why he failed in the end.
5. Why did the kingdom of Israel divide after the death of Solomon?

Note: Pupils may select any three of the foregoing questions to answer.



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MOTHER'S DAY, 1923.

Present Superintendency: John C. Houston, Superintendent; Leroy Tippetts, First Assistant; Ira Johnson, Second Assistant

Advanced Theological LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

The Restoration

First Sunday, September 7, 1924

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I should be helpful to others? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second and Third Sundays,

September 14, 21, 1924

Lessons 25 and 26. Further Witnesses to the Restoration

All claims of the Latter-day Saints must depend for their security upon the truth of their claim to Divine Authority.

References: The Restoration, Ch. 21.

I. Claims of the Latter-day Saints.

1. That they alone possess the Gospel in its purity and fulness.
 2. That they alone possess the Correct Church Organization.
 3. That they alone have authority from heaven to officiate in Gospel ordinances.
- Sense in which these claims must be understood.

II. The importance of Divine Authority.

1. As exemplified in the acts and teachings of Jesus.

2. Joseph Smith's recognition of it.

His waiting for the Divine Commission.

- III. Recapitulation of important steps in the work of the Restoration.

1. The early visions.
2. The Restoration of the Priesthood.
3. The restoring of keys.

- IV. Witnesses to The Restoration of the Priesthood and the keys.

1. Simplicity of Joseph Smith's narrative.
2. Oliver Cowdery.
 - a. A sharer in the blessings and gifts.
 - b. Enduring nature of his testimony.
 - c. What he says and the significance of it.
3. Sidney Rigdon.

Fourth Sunday, September 28, 1924

Written Review

1. What do you understand the term "Scriptures" to mean?
2. What constitute the Scriptures recognized by the Latter-day Saints?
3. Why are they so recognized?
4. Give a general statement of the essential characteristics of each volume of Scripture so recognized.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

Harold G. Reynolds, Chairman; Horace H. Cummings and T. Albert Hooper

Second Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 7, 1924

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I should be helpful to others? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, September 14, 1924

Lesson 25. Helaman and His Two Thousand Young Warriors

Objective: To teach that the young may exercise great faith in God.

References: Alma 26 and 27:45-62.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject, discuss with the class:

The conversion of the Lamanites by Ammon and his brethren; the constancy of the Lamanite character as compared with the fickleness of the Nephite character; the conditions that tempted the Lamanites to break their oath; what was Helaman's counsel to them? Why?

Topics:

- I. Conversion of the Lamanites by Ammon and his brethren.
 1. Their great sufferings.
 - a. Hunger.
 - b. Persecution.
 - c. Imprisonment.
 2. Their wonderful success.
 - a. Their love for the Lamanites.
 - b. Their patience and faith.
 - c. Hundreds converted.
- II. Converts make remarkable covenant.
 1. Their deep repentance.
 - a. Grateful for forgiveness of their sins.
 - b. Determine to sin no more.
 2. Covenant never to shed blood again.
 - a. Bury all their weapons of war.
 - b. Suffer death rather than fight again.
- III. Protected by Nephites.
 1. Given the land of Jereshon.
 - a. Guarded by Nephite army.
 - b. They help to maintain the army.
 2. Their zealous life.
- IV. Fifteen years of war.
 1. Nephites in great need of help.

2. Lamanites tempted to break their covenant.
 - a. Helaman's counsel.
3. 2000 young Lamanites enlist.
 - a. Their bravery and great faith.
 - b. Their mother's teachings.
4. The great battle.
5. The Nephites victorious.

V. Memorize: Alma 26:22.

"He that repenteth and exerciseth faith, and bringeth forth good works, and prayeth continually without ceasing; unto such it is given to know the mysteries of God; yea, unto such it shall be given to reveal things which never have been revealed; yea, and it shall be given unto such to bring thousands of souls to repentance, even as it has been given unto us to bring these our brethren to repentance."

Third Sunday, September 21, 1924

Lesson 26. The Reign of the Judges

Objective: To teach that patriotism and true loyalty to our Government are necessary to our complete happiness.

General References: Alma 46th chapter to end; Doc. and Cov. 134.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject, discuss with the class:

How are we benefitted individually by having a good government? When is it right to revolt against a government? Contrast the rebellion of the "kingmen" against Pahoran and the American Revolution; the difference between liberty and license; read Joseph Smith's comment on civil governments.

Topics:

- I. The reign of the Judges.
 1. How and when established.
 2. How chosen.
 3. Kind of men generally chosen.
- II. Amalickiah conspires to become king.
 1. His bad motives.
 - a. Flattery and bribery.
 2. Petition to change the form of government.
 - a. The "kingmen."
 - b. The "freemen."
 3. Petition voted down.
 - a. Disappointment of the "kingmen."
- III. Amalickiah's wicked oath.
 1. Treachery of the kingmen.
 2. Sympathize with the enemy.

IV. Fate of the kingmen.

V. Amalichiah joins the enemy.

1. His temporary success.

2. Defeat and death.

Memorize or read and consider in the class: Alma 48:11-18.

Fourth Sunday, September 28, 1924

Written Review

1. Tell briefly of the conversion of Alma, the younger?

2. How did the sons of Mosiah atone for the wrongs they had done the Church?

3. How was the power of the Lord made manifest in behalf of Alma and Amulek?

4. What great thing for the preservation of the Nephites did Teancum accomplish?

5. What was the outstanding characteristic of Helaman's two thousand young men?

6. What form of government was instituted among the Nephites by Mosiah and Alma?

7. Describe the significance of "Moroni's Title of Liberty?"

Answer any three.

Fourth Year—What Jesus Taught

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 7, 1924

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I should be helpful to others? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, September 14, 1924

Lesson 25. With What Measure Ye Mete

Objective: To teach the danger and cruelty of misjudging others and how to avoid doing it.

General References: "What Jesus Taught," Ch. 27; Matt. 7:1-5.

Problems and Illustrations for consideration in the class:

1. Relate the story of the two girls who misjudged their schoolmate. Consider the grounds they had for their suspicions. How did they feel when they learned the truth?

2. What would have been the proper course for them to take when they suspected Mary of stealing.

3. Consider the ill-founded tales of

wrong doing current about Church and civil authorities.

4. Why does prominence in financial, civil, or religious affairs arouse misjudging or slander?

5. Consider the unfairness—and often the cowardice—of backbiting.

Topics:

I. The story of the school girls.

II. Parable of the mote and the beam. Its wide application.

III. The great law treatment of our fellows.

1. The measure we mete shall be measured to us.

2. He that forgives not shall not be forgiven.

3. The justice of this law.

IV. Applications.

1. Consider our proneness to misjudge.

2. Apply the Golden Rule in judging.

3. Seek a proper remedy if wrong is done. Slander never remedies it.

4. Studying our own faults will make us more lenient in judging others.

Memorize the song, "Nay, Speak No Ill."

Third Sunday, September 21, 1924

Lesson 26. The Golden Rule

Objective: To teach the great underlying rule of all proper human social conduct.

General References: "What Jesus Taught," Ch. 28; Matt. 18:15-35; 5:43-48; 7:12.

Problems and Illustrations: These and similar topics may be considered in the class:

1. What do you think is the chief reason for quarrelling among companions? Are all bad who dispute or quarrel?

2. Why are there so many courts, and all so busy settling disputes among our citizens? Are all bad who go to court to settle difficulties?

3. Were all bad who engaged in the great world war? Consider the necessity of better means of settling big and little differences than those generally used.

4. What was Christ's great remedy for this universal evil?

Topics:

I. The doctrine of reconciliation.

1. Try personally to secure proper adjustment.

- Advantage of such an adjustment.
2. Next, take one or two friends to aid you.
 - a. Their influence generally brings results.
 - b. They are witnesses of acts and spirit of both parties in case of further efforts.
 3. Lastly, take the dispute before church courts.
Their decisions generally fair, unbiased.
- II. The doctrine of forgiveness.
1. The necessity of forgiveness.
 2. The condition for forgiveness.
 3. How often we should forgive others.
 4. The joy to both parties of righteous forgiveness.
 5. The fairness of, "Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors."
- III. The effects of applying the Golden Rule.
1. To yourself and among your companions.
Illustrate with personal experiences.
 2. To the community.
Show how feuds, law-suits, etc. would vanish.

3. To the whole world.
 - a. It would stop war with all its evils.
 - b. Put mankind in happier attitude to one another.
4. How we can promote the golden rule.

Memorize: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

Fourth Sunday, September 28, 1924

Written Review

1. Why do you believe that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is clothed with divine authority?
2. What evidence have we that Christ organized His Church upon the earth in this dispensation? Name some of the offices in the Church?
3. Why do you believe that continual revelation is necessary for the guidance of the Church?
4. How can we show single minded loyalty to our Heavenly Father and to the Church?
5. How can we develop self-control and how does self-control make for strength?

Sing, Robin, Sing!

Robin, Robin, sing a song of spring,
Sing a song of spreading leaves,
Of heron's on the wing;
Sing of shifting, snowy clouds
Pipe your old refrain
'Till your liquid warble
Falls like summer rain.

Robin, Robin, build your masoned nest
High up in the willow tree—
Black willows are the best—
Lay your sky-blue eggs again
While the leaflets grow,
Sing your jewel song once more
To the world below.

Robin, Robin, sing a song of love
To the downy little birds
Rocking there above;
Tell them of the rosy world
Where red cherries nod,
Teach them in your little nest
To sing the praise of God.

—H. R. Merrill. •



*George M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows, Adam Bernion, Alfred C. Rees
and Eugene Hilton.*

Second Year—Stories from the Bible

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 7, 1924

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I should be helpful to others? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, September 14, 1924

Lesson 25. The Law: Written Upon Stone by the Finger of God

Objective: To teach that the Lord gave the principles of righteous living in the Ten Commandments.

General References: Exodus 19 and 20.

Problems and Questions: Discuss: The Ten Commandments are as applicable to us today as they were to the Israelites (See Matthew 19:16-19).

Discuss: Banish the sinful thought and you have banished the sinful deed.

How can we form habits of obeying the Ten Commandments?

Topics:

- I. Israelites encamped at Mt. Sinai.
- II. They covenant to keep God's commandments.
- III. Demonstrations of God's power.
- IV. How Decalogue was given.
 1. Orally.
 2. Written on stones (See Ex. 24:12; 31:18 and 32:16).
- V. Analysis of Decalogue.
 1. Duties to God.
 2. Duties to man.
 3. Duties to self.
- VI. The Decalogue forms the basis for all modern law.

Third Sunday, September 21, 1924

Lesson 26. Who's On the Lord's Side?

Objective: To teach that God provides inspired leadership.

General References: Exodus 24:12-18 and Chap. 32; Numbers 13; 14:1-10.

Questions and Problems: Identify and

give meaning: "We wage no common war; cope with no common foe."

Under what conditions and by whom was this statement made: "Who is on the Lord's side?" Ex. 32:26.

What penalty was paid by the untruthful spies? What reward was received by the truthful spies? (See Numbers 26:63-65.)

Topics:

- I. Moses 40 days in Mt. Sinai.
- II. Israelites without him turn to idolatry.
 1. They imitate the wicked Egyptians.
 2. The anger of Moses.
 3. The golden calf destroyed.
- III. The call, "Who's on the Lord's side?"

Many of the wicked destroyed.
- IV. Needs of true leaders.
- V. Spies sent into Promised Land.
 1. The majority report.
 2. The minority report.
- VI. Joshua finally succeeds Moses.
- VII. Death of Moses.
- VIII. Greatness of Moses.

Tribute to Moses: "Bred in a palace, he espoused the cause of the people; nursed in the lap of luxury, he embraced adversity; reared in a school of despots he became the brave champion of liberty; long associated with oppressors, he took the side of the oppressed; educated as her son he forfeited the favor of a princess to maintain the rights of the poor; with a crown in prospect, he had the magnanimity to choose a cross, and for the sake of God and Israel, abandoned ease, refinements, luxuries, and the highest earthly honors, to be a homeless wanderer."—Thomas Guthrie.

Fourth Sunday, September 28, 1924

Written Review

1. How did Moses show his love for the Lord?
2. How did the Egyptians suffer for their disobedience?
3. Why do you think the Lord was with the Israelites?
4. How is the Lord showing His love for us?

Fourth Year—Ancient Apostles**LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER****First Sunday, September 7, 1924****Uniform Fast Day Lesson**

Subject: Why do I believe that I should be helpful to others? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, September 14, 1924**Lesson 25. At Philippi****Text:** Lesson 30.

Objective: To teach that the Lord is always with His servants.

- I. The first conversion.
 1. Women study the scriptures.
 2. Paul explains the Gospel.
 3. Lydia accepts the faith.
 4. Her household join the Church.
 5. She invites them to her home.
- II. The evil spirit.
 1. Girl possessed of evil spirit.
 2. Her power used for gain.
 3. Paul casts out spirit.
 4. He is seized and tried.
 5. The punishment.
- III. In prison.
 1. Cruel confinement.
 2. Orders to the jailor.
 3. Joy of the missionaries.
 4. The earthquake.
 5. Effect upon the jailor.
 6. Paul preaches to him the Gospel.
 7. Conversion of jailor and family.
 8. Paul demands rights as Roman citizen.
 9. His departure to Thessalonica.

Teachers: Come prepared today with stories of how missionaries in our day have experienced the protecting care of the Lord over them during trials and adversity. The life of Wilford Woodruff will yield many of them for your purpose today. See that your class is impressed with the fact that the same Lord is with us, for we are preaching the same Gospel. Perhaps they have heard of ex-

periences that should be related to emphasize the objective of the lesson.

Lesson 26. At Thessalonica and Berea**Text:** Lesson 31.

Objective: To teach that opposition to the work of the Lord has always come from the same classes of people.

- I. Paul's condition.
 1. Physically.
 2. Spiritually.
- II. His labors in Thessalonica.
 1. Preaches in the synagogues.
 2. Works at his trade at night.
 3. Saints at Philippi send him help.
 4. Gathering of the mobs.
 5. Missionaries escape.
 6. Demands made upon Jason.
- III. Results in Berea.
 1. Jews willing to investigate.
 2. Conversion of prominent people.
 3. Opposition encountered.
 4. Parting of the missionaries.
 5. Paul's destination.

To Teachers:

Who, in our own day, have constantly opposed us? Who are fighting the elders in the field? Who hounded the Prophet and finally caused his death? Was it not so in Paul's experience? Why do preachers fight the work of the Lord? Why do they inflame the minds of the ignorant to commit deeds of violence against the servants of the Lord?

These and similar questions should cause your boys and girls to conclude that there is one common enemy to the work of the Lord.

Third Sunday, September 21, 1924**Fourth Sunday, September 28, 1924****Written Review**

1. How did Christ's apostles show that they had power from the Lord?
2. Why do you think our Church has the same power?
3. Why should the Gospel be preached to all nations?

WORLD'S GREATEST POWER

A visitor at Niagara Falls remarked to a friend that here was the greatest unused power in the world. "No," was the answer, "the greatest unused power in the world is the power of the Holy Spirit."



PRIMARY DEPARTMENT



Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horne Smith, and Mabel Cook

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 7, 1924

Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I should be helpful to others?

Aim: Unselfish service brings rich reward.

Memory Gem: "Do to others as you would that they should do to you."

Song: "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," D. S. S. Song Book No. 48.

Story: Once upon a time two little children, a boy and a girl, were walking through a field, hurrying to reach the home of a friend who was giving a party. They saw an old lady sitting on a rock, breathing heavily as though very tired, and wiping the sweat from her forehead. At her side was a two-handled basket full of wet clothing, which she had evidently been carrying. Alice said, "How tired she looks; I wish we could help her." But Johnnie said: "But she is not going our way and if we help her we would miss the party." To which Alice replied: "Well, I'd rather miss the party than feel while attending it, that we had left a sweet old lady to carry that heavy load alone." The children then asked the little old lady where she was going, and offered to carry the basket for her. At this the old lady's face, which had appeared so sad, brightened and a sweet smile came upon it. She told the children that she was so old and ill that she had almost given up trying to carry the basket any further, although its contents were badly needed by the people for whom they were intended.

Johnnie took hold of one handle and Alice of the other and away they went, laughing and singing, and listening to the wonderful stories which the old lady told them as they walked along.

It seemed to the children that the grass was greener, the flowers more beautiful and fragrant, the sky bluer, the sun more wonderful and the gurgling stream they crossed sang a sweeter song than ever before, and although the party time was past when they reached the end of the journey, yet the time had

passed too quickly because they had been so happy.

When the old lady gave them a loving kiss and a "God bless you, my dears" in bidding them goodbye, the children both felt that they had had a better time than if they had gone to the party. Why?

Lesson 9. The Hidden Records

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories," page 49.

Second Sunday, September 14, 1924

Lesson 10. The Church on the Move

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories," page 49.

Third Sunday, September 21, 1924

Lesson 11. The Wicked Rage

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories," page 52.

Fourth Sunday, September 28, 1924

Lesson 12. The First Temple in Our Day

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories," page 57.

Preview of September Lessons

1. What is the Book of Mormon?
2. How do the doctrines given in the Book compare with those given in the New Testament?
3. What period of time is covered by the Book?
4. Why was it necessary or desirable that those who joined the Church should gather together, instead of following the custom in other churches, of remaining where they accepted membership, and what prophecies are fulfilled in this gathering?
5. What are your feelings toward the "Zion" referred to in our lesson?
6. What great purpose was accomplished through what is called "Zion's Camp?"
7. For what purpose do we build temples?

Love and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation—Emerson.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson and Blanche Love Gee

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Sunday, September 7, 1924

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: I should be helpful to others.
Story: "What Buddy Found out."

Objective: To teach that we should do our share in the world's work.

General References: Prov. 6:6-10; Matt. 16:27; 5:16. See Superintendents' Department.

Questions and Problems: Buddy didn't care for work; wanted to play all the time. Every time his parents wanted him to do anything he grumbled and said, he didn't see why he had to work. He wished he were a bird, or a bee, or an ant; in fact anything but a boy. He was very unhappy. One day his father took him for a walk through the woods. He saw the ants working, the bees gathering nectar and pollen in order to get a supply of honey for winter. The squirrels were gathering nuts; the birds getting food for their young ones, even the little mice were gathering food for winter. Buddy noticed how happy these creatures seemed to be. He learned that those who are busy helping others are really the happiest and are getting the most out of life. On their way home he saw some poor children gathering wood for their parents, for winter use. Buddy talked to them. Found they were so happy because they were doing something for someone else.

Buddy's father took a Bible from his pocket and read what God said, "Go to the ant thou sluggard; learn of her ways and be wise." Why do you think Buddy's father read that? Why did Heavenly Father want us to go to the ant? How do you think Buddy felt when he found that the animals and insects worked? Why were the poor children so happy? When are we happy?

Topics:

- I. Buddy in the home.
 1. Cried and grumbled when asked to do something.
 2. Wished he didn't have to work.
 3. Parents very unhappy.
- II. Buddy goes to woods.
 1. Sees animals, birds and bees working.
 2. Finds that God has given every creature work.
 3. Learns that God loves those who do their work willingly.

4. Sees that the poor children are happy.
5. Father reads God's message.

III. Buddy at home.

1. Ready and willing to help.
2. Becomes happy and anxious to help others.
3. Learns that when he does his share parents are not over-worked.

Second Sunday, September 14, 1924

Lesson 62. Joseph Smith's First Vision

Objective: To teach that when we work hard to prepare ourselves for the work of the Lord we are rewarded.

General References: History of Church, Vol. 1, pp. 2-6. "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten." Second year outlines, James 1:5, 6.

Questions and Problems: Joseph Smith, a poor boy, living on a farm, with parents, brothers and sisters. Family religious. Joseph attends meetings. He can not understand why preachers do not preach the truths in the Bible. He reads a passage in the Bible that causes him to think. Great excitement among the people belonging to different churches. Joseph becomes puzzled. He goes to the woods to pray for help. It is a beautiful day, and as Joseph kneels in prayer, darkness surrounds him. Joseph prays in his heart. A bright light appears. Joseph sees Heavenly Father and Jesus.

Joseph hears Heavenly Father's voice introducing Jesus. Joseph asks which Church he should join. He is told to join none, but to wait until he is old enough; then he will be told what to do. Joseph goes home feeling very happy.

Topics:

- I. Joseph Smith's home.
 1. The family.
 2. Where and how they lived.
 3. Joseph helped on the farm.
 4. Family's religious attitude.
- II. Great excitement among Churches.
 1. Preachers not preaching the truth.
 2. Different churches quarrelling.
 3. Joseph is puzzled.
 4. Joseph reads scripture.
- III. Joseph seeks Guidance.
 1. Joseph goes to woods to pray.
 2. The time of year.
 3. Darkness surrounds him.
 4. Joseph prays for help.

5. A bright light, and two person-ages appear.
6. Heavenly Father introduces His Son.
7. Jesus tells Joseph what to do.
8. Joseph returns happy.

2. Be obedient to parents.
3. Be obedient to those in authority.
4. Learn Bible stories.

Fourth Sunday, September 28, 1924

Lesson 64: The Precious Record

Objective: To teach that we must prepare for the work of the Lord if we want to be rewarded.

General References: History of Church, Vol. 1, pp. 15-18, 71. Review lessons 62 and 63. "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Second Year Outline. Life of Joseph Smith.

Questions and Problems: Joseph's first visit to the Hill Cumorah. Angel Moroni appears. Joseph can not take plates for four years. He receives instructions regarding plates. Is told to visit the hill every year, until the time comes for him to receive the plates. Joseph tells family of his visit to the hill.

Joseph continues to be prayerful and to gain wisdom and knowledge regarding the work the Lord has for him to do. Joseph at last receives the plates. Is warned against wicked men. Joseph has a friend who writes down what he reads from the plates. Joseph has Urim and Thummim to assist him in reading the writing on the plates.

Teachers, show the Book of Mormon to the children. How many have this book in their home? How many would like to hear stories from the Book of Mormon? What must you do to be able to read the stories in the Book of Mormon? Do you see how necessary it is for us to learn to read and write so we can gain knowledge so that we may work for Heavenly Father.

Topics:

- I. Joseph's visits to Hill Cumorah.
 1. Joseph finds the place.
 2. He removes stone.
 3. Angel prevents Joseph from taking plates.
 4. Joseph must visit hill every year for four years.
 5. Joseph tells the family and prepares for the time when he is to receive plates.
- II. Joseph is given plates.
 1. Joseph is instructed about work he is to do.
 2. Joseph is given assistance.
 3. Wicked people try to steal plates.
 4. Joseph's faithfulness and obedience.
 5. The Book of Mormon.
- III. How we can prepare for work.

IV. How we can obtain knowledge and help.

1. Whom we should seek.
2. When we should ask for help.
3. How we should ask for it.

Third Sunday, September 21, 1924

Lesson 63. The Book of Mormon Revealed

Objective: To teach that we will be greatly blessed if we earnestly prepare ourselves for the work of the Lord.

General References: History of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 6-15. "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Second Year Outlines. Life of Joseph Smith.

Questions and Problems: Joseph thinks a great deal about the vision, and the message that was given him. He tells his parents. He works hard, prays, and studies the Bible. He wonders if Heavenly Father is still pleased with him so he prays to find out. His room becomes light as day. An angel appears. Angel Moroni delivers a message to Joseph telling him of the great work Heavenly Father has for him to do. Joseph is told of the gold plates hid in a hill. This book tells of some people who lived years ago in this country. Also about the Church, that was to be established here on earth again.

The room became dark. Joseph can not go to sleep. Angel Moroni appears twice more and tells Joseph what he told him the first time.

Joseph tells his father next morning what he had seen and heard. Why did Heavenly Father want Joseph to be the leader of His Church? Why did the Angel come three times in the same night, and tell Joseph the same thing. When we pray for something and receive help, what should we do to show we are thankful?

Topics:

- I. Joseph in his room at night.
 1. Prays to know if Heavenly Father is pleased with him.
 2. His prayer is answered.
 3. The angel's message.
 4. Importance of message.
 5. Joseph tells his father next morning.
- II. How we can prepare for the work of the Lord.
 1. Attend meetings, Sunday School, etc.

RELIGION CLASSES

*Written for the General Church Board of Education by Harrison R. Merrill,
Brigham Young University*

How Ogden Stake "Sold" the Religion Class Idea

Recently, the Ogden Stake undertook to "sell" the Religion Class idea to its people through a rather carefully planned commencement program. Four weeks before the date set, plans were presented by the Stake Board to eighty-five local officers and teachers, gathered in Union Meeting capacity.

Discussion was encouraged, and there resulted some very worth while suggestions. Each ward pledged its whole-souled support in whatever might be asked by the Stake Officers. A chorus of fifty mixed voices from the fifth, sixth and seventh grades was to do the singing. The songs, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," "Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses," and "Summer Days" were selected. The first two were memorized from the Sunday School Song Book, the last one from mimeographed copies, furnished by the Board. A rehearsal was called, to which each ward chorister came and was carefully instructed in how to teach the songs to members of the chorus from her ward. Three times the entire chorus met with the Stake Chorister. At this time a 13 year old boy was taught to lead the singers, while a Religion Class girl played the piano.

By utilizing the dramatic instinct, and at the same time demonstrating the power of the religious drama, as a method of teaching the Bible, Esther was prepared and presented.

The version as given:

The Dramatization of Bible Stories, by Elizabeth Miller was chosen because of its close adherence to the wording of the Bible, and also because of its dramatic possibilities.

Eight rehearsals were necessary. These were held at 4 o'clock p. m. for a period of two hours each day. In the play are five scenes. To save time and to develop greater unity the curtain was not lowered between scenes. Especially arranged music was played upon each entrance of the King and Haman, also at the close of each scene. Parts of fifteen different selections were used.

Costuming was complete and typical of the time. These were furnished by the children. Each character appeared in sandals or was bare-footed.

The stage setting appeared as an enormous Persian tent, which appeared as though it were cut in half. It was made of bright colored oriental draperies.

An oriental rug covered the floor, also the steps leading up to the king's throne.

Dancers entertained the mob at the Palace gate, also at the feast given to the King and Haman by Esther. All dishes used were made of cheap clay or tin covered with gold bronze.

Forty-five minutes were required for its presentation.

Following the drama, Elder Stephen L. Richards gave the address to the Graduates.

A four page announcement giving the names of Graduates by wards, also the program numbers, including the names of those who played in the drama and the parts they played, was prepared a week in advance. These were sent to each ward for distribution among its members, and were also used Commencement night.

The entire expense amounted to less than \$15.00. This was met from the Stake Treasury, to which the Religion Class Board had previously added \$100.00.

Helpful Hints in Character Education

Dr. Hugh M. Woodward

Proper government and discipline rests upon a few fundamental propositions. To begin with, the following will establish a safe guide.

Corporal punishment is brutalizing both to the teacher or parent and the child. Punishment which is given in anger seldom brings the right reaction, because then it makes for retribution rather than for reform. A punishment should always satisfy the individuality and personality of the child as well as the deed for which the child is punished. A good rule to follow is to discover the cause of the misdeed, and help the child see the results through cause and effect. It is only by seeing relationships that the child will develop conscious self-direction, and unless it has developed a conscious self-direction, as a result of the punishment, there has been nothing gained. It is safe always to appeal to the higher motive of self respect and to avoid humiliating the child. One should pass lightly over many faults because

they will drop away of their own accord.

A successful mother once said to the writer: "I find this rule has helped me greatly in the discipline of my children; Never correct a child for doing a thing when it does not matter a great deal whether he does it or not."

The home or the school should be made a place where real boys and girls can express themselves. Most misdemeanors are the direct results of pent up passions. Recent studies of human nature have proved conclusively that repressed impulses are like dammed up water—they rise higher and higher to the point of disaster. The child is naturally developing a great deal of energy. This energy is expressed through the instincts. These instincts have within them the dynamic force of the life of the race. They cannot be killed; they must be directed. Discipline by repression leaves a delusion in both the child and the parents. They may think that the punishment has been successful, but a mere observation will not necessarily show a successful result. The teacher or parent for a moment feels a sense of power and superiority, and imagines she has hemmed up the tendency to disorder. She has solved the problem for a moment, but someone else will reap the harvest. The child also feels that he has submitted to authority, but down deep in his inner self, there usually slumbers a feeling of resentment that will slowly but surely come to the surface.

Moral health is produced through expression rather than repression. The selfish tendency of children must be led into channels of higher self-releases. The activity that counts in the making of moral health is that which produces a satisfaction rather than a disagreement. It is possible to guide the selfish instincts into higher forms of response. Parents and teachers ordinarily use suggestion rather than commands. Thousands of suggestions play from life to life and determine the direction of mental responses. Somehow the parent or teacher should turn authority into unconscious discipline, as far as the child is concerned, to the end that the conduct obtained represents the self releases of the child.

Suggestions That May Be Helpful

Summer is here as glorified as ever by the summer skies, the summer clouds, the summer foliage, and the summer spirit; but most of us have discovered that it soon passes away. By the time this comes from the press one of the most satisfying months will have passed.

Within these coming two months much can be done that will make for the success of Religion Class work. Those newspaper campaigns spoken of last year could now begin in order that people everywhere may learn more of Religion Class and its proposed work. The crime events among the godless young people reported almost daily in the press, are of sufficient seriousness to rouse almost any kind of person from his spiritual death. A campaign for a broadening of instruction so as to include religion surely would meet with no opposition among thinking people if they thoroughly understand just the nature of the proposed teachings. A series of articles dealing with the benefits of religious training and with the needs of such training ought to be worth while in almost any of our country papers.

Summer activities connected with the Religion Class work, wherever such activities are possible, would do much towards keeping the work in the minds of pupils. A number of stakes have held very successful outings at various times. If these could be held in August or early September, just before school opens in the fall, pupils would have their attention drawn to the work and would look forward to the beginning of the classes.

A Sacrament meeting devoted to Religion Class work might be, in fact, would be of benefit. Anything that will help to focus the attention of a community upon the work and that will cause a favorable reaction will aid the work.

A Prize Offer

In an attempt to encourage pupils to think over their experiences in Religion Class, I have decided to offer ten books selected from among the titles offered in the "Little Leather Library" to the Religion Class boy or girl who writes the best letter of less than five hundred words telling of some feature of his or her Religion Class. The pupil may choose his own subject. I should like the letters, however, to be specific. He might write on the subject, "How My Teacher Conducted Religion Class," or "The Most Interesting Religion Class I ever attended and why it was interesting," or, "How My Religion Class Helped Mother,"—any such subject will do. The manuscripts are to have writing upon one side of the paper only, are to be written in ink, and are to be mailed to H. R. Merrill, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, before July 25.

A Common Wiggler

By Wm. Henry Peterson

John was one of my students who had come to me with a reputation for mischief-making which caused me no little concern. "You are getting a package of trouble in that Iverson kid," I was told. "He's mischief from head to feet, and mark these words: *he will not study*. He has as many nonsense ideas in his head as a circus clown, and he is as inconsiderate about his pranks as a slapstick comedian. No one has ever been able to teach him anything worthwhile. You'll certainly have your hands full."

Toward the end of the first week I discovered a field in which he showed some interest. During nature class he listened rather attentively, and seemed to prick up his ears whenever anything was said about birds, bugs, or animals. As soon as I noticed this fact, I decided that if I reached him in such a way as to get him working in all his subjects, I would have to do so by getting him intensely interested in nature work. I saw, too, that I had to help him overcome the idea that it was impossible for him to understand anything. He had been reminded so often of his incapacity and had been treated so long as a failure that he had no faith whatever in his own powers.

The first week in school I watched the boy rather carefully. I handled him much the same as an angler handles a strong, active fish. If he didn't want to lead I gave him a little line. When I wanted to tighten up on him I did so gently. I did my best to make him feel that I was interested in him and that I had confidence in his ability to do whatever I wanted him to do. Friday after school he invited me to go fishing with him. This invitation, I felt, was the opening wedge for the beginning of my plan to help him.

"Dad says I kin take Flasheye and

the cart. If you kin climb out in time, we'll take a wow of a spin before sun-up," said the boy, looking at me as though he doubted my ability to get up at the time proposed.

I accepted his invitation, and I am witness to the fact that we had a wow of a spin before sun-up. I don't remember enjoying a morning ride more than I did that one.

We reached the river in safety, an accomplishment for which I am thankful, because I had twice nearly fallen from the cart while Flasheye was transporting us down the road at an uncomfortably fast gait. We arranged our tackle and started to fish. Two hours passed away; neither of us had caught a fish.

"Ah; gee whiz!" exclaimed John, "this is no fun. The fish are getting too smart or else they ain't hungry."

"You must be patient and quiet," I suggested.

"Could just as well have been noisy; I'd have caught just as many," he went on, looking at me out of the corners of his eyes and smiling roguishly. "It's not like school."

Inasmuch as we had been fishing for two hours and hadn't made a catch, the boy's remark on that subject was unanswerable.

"Not like school?" I repeated inquiringly. "Do you think a boy who is noisy in school catches more ideas than one who is quiet?"

John smiled and jerked his hook out of the water. "He may not catch more ideas, but he catches more heck," he answered dryly. As he spoke he was intently examining the angleworm on his hook, and appeared to be very solemn, but the twinkle in his eye revealed the humor he was endeavoring to hide.

As I have stated we had been fishing for a considerable length of time, but

had had no luck. John was sitting on the bank about two rods away from me examining the angleworm on his hook.

"Do you think," he asked, "that it hurts a worm to stick a hook in him?"

"Yes," I said, "my opinion is that the worm suffers pain. It is a wonderfully constructed creature."

"I can't see much to a common angleworm," he said doubtfully, pulling a big, fat worm out of the bait can.

To my question as to whether he would like to learn something about the slimy creature that was crawling on the palm of his hand, he replied that he sure would. He rose from the bank where he was seated, came over and sat down close beside me.

"What do you know about angleworms?" I asked.

"I don't know nothing," he said doggedly. "That's what they've told me and I guess it is right."

"I expected you to say that," I said, "but I am sure you know much more than you are willing to admit. If you had a microscope—"

"A micor what?" he exclaimed. "Is that a bug?"

I explained what a microscope is, and then continued, "If you had a microscope you would notice that the body of the worm is divided with small bristles, which aid it in crawling and burrowing."

"You mean to say that this worm has hairs sticking out all over it, and you can see them by looking through a micosstrop?"

"Microscope," I repeated.

"Oh," said the boy, "then it would look something like a bottle-brush, wouldn't it?"

I nodded. "Can you tell which is the head end and which is the tail end?" I asked.

"It is trying to crawl this way," said the boy, "I guess this must be the head end."

"Yes," I answered, "but if the worm were not crawling, could you tell?"

"No more'n I could tell a verb from

a common denominator," laughed the boy. I concluded that he was brighter than he was given credit for being."

"Notice the shape of the worm," I said. "The rings into which the body is divided are largest at the head end."

"I suppose you will be telling me next that this worm is more mixed up than a talking machine." This time the boy spoke in a bantering way, and pulling his hat down over his left ear, "What's their chuck?"

"Chuck?" I repeated, "I don't understand?"

"Don't you know what chuck is? I guess I should have said, what do they eat or—" He stopped talking, and removing his hat from his head, he imitated a woman arranging her hair. While he was pretending to look into an imaginary looking glass, he continued, "On what do they dine, Mr. Jones?"

I smiled. The boy pleased me. "I get you," I said. "Let me answer your question by asking another: Where are angleworms most abundant?"

"Where the ground is wet," was the boy's answer.

"Not only wet, but rich," I said. "By rich soil, I mean soil containing an abundance of animal and vegetable matter. The worm fills its alimentary canal with earth."

"The deuce it does," exclaimed John. "You don't mean to say that an angleworm eats dirt!"

"It digests the food particles and discards the dirt," I answered. "In this way it is continually working over the ground. Darwin says that in an acre of garden as much as fifteen tons of soil would pass through the bodies of worms in one year."

"Gee Willikins!" exclaimed the boy, "I didn't know there was so much to tell about angleworms."

"Say," he said after a short silence, during which he seemed to be thinking seriously about some quetion, "let's go for a drive down around Quinn's farm."

"Very well," I responded.

"You see," explained the boy, "Mr. Quinn told me the other day that the time would never come when I could figure out the number of tons of hay in a hay stack. He has a big stack of hay down here about two miles. Don't

you think you could show me how to figure the number of tons in it?"

"I think I can, John," I said, placing my hand on his shoulder. "Let's go and look at the stack."

HUMANE EDUCATION AND THE TEACHER

"If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy, not with the man."—Theodore Roosevelt.



LATTER-DAY SAINTS' SUNDAY SCHOOL, TACOMA, WASHINGTON.
Superintendent, Harold Baldwin; Mission Superintendent, Orson Haynie.
(Photograph Taken Easter Sunday, 1924.)

CHILDRENS SECTION



Fuss and Feathers

By Estelle Webb Thomas

With the first money she ever earned all by herself, my little sister bought a birthday present for our mother. It was a pair of canaries with a neat little cage for a home. My mother was delighted with them. She named them Gem and Pearl, and I believe she loved them better than any other birds she ever had.

They were beautiful little creatures, pure yellow, Pearl slightly paler than her golden mate. This was true of her character, as well as her color, or so we thought for a long time. Gem had the soul of a poet and the voice of a grand opera singer.

His tiny body was so full of music that it was always bursting out in trills and rills—silver cascades of song, so exquisite it made the heart ache.

He loved the music of others, too, and when my little sister played or sang would shift excitedly from one foot to another, for a few minutes, then trill forth in a very ecstasy of accompaniment. It was noticeable that his song was always in perfect harmony with hers. Fanciful as his flights of melody were, there was never a jarring note.

I well remember Gem's first public performance. The Primary Association in our town was giving a little operetta. The stage of the town hall was profusely decorated with boughs and sapplings. In the center of the stage was a small tree set in a box, and adorned with artificial fruit and birds.

The stage manager, to give a realistic touch, borrowed Gem and hid his cage among the branches. As it was

long past his bed-time, my mother warned the stage manager that he probably would not sing; and surely enough, shielded from the light by thick branches, Gem tucked his head under his wing and went peacefully to sleep, and so remained until my sister, who was the Fairy Queen, came dancing onto the stage and commenced her song. At the first clear, sweet notes of the dear, familiar voice, Gem was instantly alert. With an excited flutter of wings he flew to his swing and began swinging violently. Then swelling his tiny throat he electrified the audience by a burst of melody truly startling.

All during my sister's song Gem accompanied her trying to out-do his best in honor of the occasion.

During the remainder of the performance he was awake, betraying intense excitement at the music and singing, but never joining in unless he recognized my sister's voice among the others, when he sang with an abandon and joyousness he had never surpassed.

The audience was delighted and the applause all that the most exacting artist could wish. But apparently Gem's head was not turned by his successful debut and he continued to enjoy the exercise of his power as a domestic tyrant.

For I regret to say, he was exactly that. Pearl was never allowed to forget for a moment that Gem was her lord and master. When it pleased him, to eat or drink, she must stand meekly by until his appetite was satisfied or his thirst appeased. If to pass the time while waiting for her own meal, she timidly essayed to sharpen her beak on the cuttlefish bone, Gem ordered

her away with a lordly air and sharpened his own beak before proceeding with his breakfast.

When my Mother put in a separate set of food containers for Pearl, Gem was apt to leave his own, strut across the cage and sample Pearl's lunch, while she stepped meekly back and waited patiently to resume her interrupted meal.

He drove her from the swing and the bath in the same high-handed manner. Pearl no sooner wanted to do a thing than Gem wanted to do the same thing, instantly and imperatively.

But suddenly and without warning the tables were turned. One morning Pearl began tearing pieces from the paper carpet which Mother had just given them fresh for the day. And with unexpected spirit refused to desist when Gem decided that if any paper was to be torn in that house he would tear it.

The result was a quarrel, which left Gem a very much bewildered bird, with both his feathers and his vanity sadly ruffled. Pearl, a belligerent fluff of yellow down, retired to the swing, and shrilly defied Gem to take it away from her.

My Mother wise in the ways of birds, immediately began nest building—for the poor, little caged creatures are not so apt in these matters as their wild cousins. And Pearl came into her own.

From the moment she took possession of her nest she also assumed command of the situation. By the time four faintly blue, delicately freckled eggs had appeared Gem was a thoroughly subdued, obedient, little husband hastening to his lady's beck and call, eager to fulfil her slightest wish before the vials of her wrath descended upon him.

How devotedly he fed her; flying to her nest with the choicest bits of apple or lettuce, before he returned to his prosaic seed! And how promptly and politely he vacated the bath-basin for her, even if he barely started to enjoy his splash!

On one such occasion, when Pearl

had summarily taken possession of the bathtub at the beginning of Gem's bath, my Mother played a joke on her ladyship. During a walk the afternoon before Mother had found a robin's egg, large and blue. This she slipped into the nest almost covering Pearl's four tiny eggs.

When, properly refreshed, Pearl returned to her nest, and paused for a moment to proudly survey her treasures, this monstrosity met her eager eyes!

With a scream that was almost human she fluttered wildly to the swing, then back to the nest to make sure her eyes had not deceived her. Then back to the swing again to carcen wildly for a moment uttering shrill cries of alarm and distress to Gem.

Gem in the meantime had flown to ascertain the cause of the excitement for himself. After one astonished glance at the giant, blue egg he turned tail and fluttered swiftly to the far corner of the cage, where he cowered with every appearance of blackest guilt. At least so it looked to Pearl, for suddenly, with loud cries of rage she descended bodily upon her mate and gave him the thrashing of his life.

When she had vented all her righteous anger at this outrage he had dared perpetrate upon her, and had reduced him to the last degree of abject humility, Pearl flew back to her nest. Cautiously she peeped in to see if that dreadful egg was still there!

During her unjust onslaught on Gem, however, my Mother had quietly removed the offending egg and now, with a little triumphant flit of her tail, Pearl again took possession of her nest, stretched her neck over the edge, cocked an eye at Gem with a look that said as plainly as words, "There, you see when I punished you properly it disappeared!"

"And don't you ever dare play such a trick on me again sir!"

And Gem, meekly smoothing out his ruffled plumage, promised that he never would!

The Bad Little Bear

By Delphia Phillips

Prunes was a little cinnamon bear youngster whom somebody caught in the Yosemite Valley, and gave to the boys of the new big battleship California. He was really only a baby, being but one year old and he only knew bear ways. He was so cute and funny, rolling about the decks of the big gray battleship, and tussling with the sailors, that everybody picked on and played with him. They did not think about making Prunes the bad, little bear he soon became.

There were about 1,400 sailors on the vessel, and most of them were very young themselves, so they did not think that Prunes ought to be taught how to behave. Now if any boy or girl had been picked up and put down among a lot of bears, that boy or girl wouldn't have known how to act any more than Prunes did. Most boys and girls would be badly scared, of course, and no doubt Prunes was at first, for a big ship is nothing like a lovely park full of pretty trees and lots of other bears.

But after awhile, Prunes felt so much at home there that he began to get what the sailors called "fresh." He got into many things that he should not have done. In fact, he got into more mischief in his busy little life on shipboard than anybody could ever have imagined. He went into the galley, which is the sailor's kitchen, and ate out of the pots and pans, which was very bad manners, indeed, but nobody told Prunes that. He "snoofed" around where he had no business at all, and perhaps he would have fired off the big guns if he had known how.

There was talk of putting him in the "brig" which is the sailor's name for being put in jail for being naughty or breaking the rules on shipboard, but nothing was ever done about it.

At last, Prunes got into the Admiral's cabin and there he did things that brought him into everlasting disgrace. Now, in the Navy an admiral must be treated with great respect, and looked up to. No sailor would have dreamed of doing what Prunes did. For this naughty bear rooted around among the great man's belongings and mused up his cabin something dreadful.

When this was discovered, it was a bad time for Prunes. He had been given to the sailors for a mascot, which is a name for something that is supposed to bring good luck. The emblem of the state of California is a bear, so the man who gave the cinnamon bear to the ship thought it would be just the thing for a mascot. But when this last prank was found out, the word went forth that Prunes was to be banished. So a scratching, clawing young cub went over the side of the vessel and was taken away to Los Angeles and placed in a Zoo.

But this was not so bad as it



**TAKES HIS KEEPER'S ARM
Now 2 Years Old**

sounds. There Prunes found a friend. Carl, the trainer who took him in hand, knew exactly what little bears needed. "Of course, he was bad," said Carl. "Who wouldn't be bad if he had never been taught to mind, or any manners? Any bear would be bad if he was turned loose among so many boys, all picking and playing with him. I had to be pretty stern with him at first but now he likes me—don't you old chap?"

When Carl asked Prunes that question, he linked his paw in his keeper's arm and looked up into his face as much as to say, "I surely do."



PUSHES A LITTLE CART

Then Carl gave him something to do and lessons every day so he wouldn't have so much time to get into mischief. He has learned to walk on his hind legs, and to push a little cart in front of him. Also, he has learned that there are some things he must let alone. He lives among nice trees now and does not have to stay on a ship. And he thinks there is nobody in the world like Carl who understood him and

tried to teach him instead of putting him in prison.

The Use of the Cat's Whiskers

Every one must have observed what are usually called the whiskers on a cat's upper lip. The use of these in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch.

They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of these long and stiff hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip.

The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible.

They stand out on each side in the lion as well as in the common cat; so that from point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a cover of wood in an imperfect light we shall at once see the use of these long hairs.

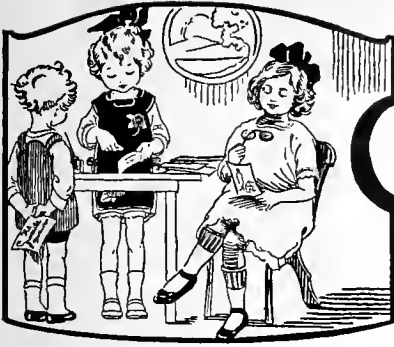
They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustle of boughs and leaves, which, would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush.

Thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads (the retractile claws never coming in contact with the ground), they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness greater even than that of the snake.

An Excellent Idea

It was little Arthur's first visit to the Zoo. "What do you think of it all?" inquired his uncle.

The boy pondered a while, and then replied: "I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."



The Children's BUDGET BOX

The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

- Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.
- Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.
- Best amateur photographs, any size.
- Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A True Friend

It always seems so easy for Mary to make people happy. Florence, her little companion, is an invalid, and has to sit in a wheel chair. She used to walk and run as Mary does, but she met with an automobile accident and is crippled for life. This makes Mary feel almost as badly as Florence, because they think so much of each other.

Mary wanted to do something to make Florence happy, and she knew how she loved birds, and she thought of her money, which she had been a year saving, amounting to \$4.95. She asked her mother if she could buy Florence a little Canary bird. Her mother was willing so she went, as happy as could be, to buy the bird. The man who sold it to her gave it to her for \$4.50, so she took the rest of her money and bought a beautiful strand of beads.

Mary's mother was pleased with her, so she gave her a little plant to take to Florence with the other gifts. These gifts made Florence very happy and every time the bird sang she thought of Mary. She also loved to

wear the beads and watch the plant grow and when it bloomed she called it her Mary Blossom.

Lois Greenwood,
Age 10. American Fork, Utah.



MY TWO PETS
Photo by Harry Merrill
Age 11. Provo, Utah.

Surprising Mother

When my mother has gone to town,
And I see things all scattered around,
I pick them up to surprize her you
know

For she thinks I am so very slow.
 I am as quiet as a mouse
 For the baby is asleep in our house.
 I take the broom and sweep the floor,
 And shoo the flies from off the door.
 I put the books all in their place.
 And then I wash my hands and face
 Then I'll be ready for supper you see
 And oh! how surprized my mother
 will be.

Emerson Leavitt,
 Overton, Nevada,
 Clark Co.

Age 10.



Drawn by Florence Crane
 Age 15. R. F. D. No. 2, Oakley, Idaho.

Boy Scouts to the Rescue

One afternoon Philip Nelson was walking along slowly on his way to school. He had almost reached the lake when he heard a great splash. He ran with all his might to the lake,

getting there just in time to see a hand go under the water. He instantly jumped into the water and swimming the over hand stroke, soon reached the victim. Grabbing the boy, Nelson towed him to shore, there finding him lifeless and himself out of breath. But Phil, as he was called, was the Patrol Leader of the Creston Troop, and being an Eagle Scout knew all that a Boy Scout should know. He worked with the boy for an hour. Slowly but surely did he come back to life. Then the boy struggled home to get on dry clothes. The parents were very grateful to Phil for saving his life. It was soon spread throughout the town what Phil had done. That night Phil met his teacher who asked about his absence from school. Phil informed him of all that had happened and then the teacher said, "You are a Boy Scout, sure enough."

Donal Earl,
 Age 10.
 Box 153,
 Overton, Nevada.

Betsy Ross

She was asked to make the nation's
 flag—

The flag with the thirteen stars;
 The flag that stands for truth and
 right,

And the flag with the thirteen bars.

She cut some stars and sewed them
 on,

A field of navy blue;
 Then cut some stripes of red and
 white,

And sewed them together, too.

The red just says to us, "be brave."

The blue, "Stand firm and true,"

The white—the white says, "purity,"

All hail the red, white and blue.

We'll ne'er forget you Betsy Ross

For the banner that you gave,

And over this broad land of ours

May its colors ever wave.

Bessie Decker,
 Age 10. R. F. D. No. 1,
 Mancos, Colorado.

Nature's Beauty

In dear old Canada, far away,
In our prairie country home,
We take our lunches in our hands,
And off to school we roam.

We have two miles to walk each day,
But this we do not mind,
For flowers bloom on every side,
Wild flowers of every kind.

The cattle grazing on the hills
And through the coulees green;
The birds are singing in the brush
Which makes a lovely scene.

The spring comes trickling down the hills,
And through the meadows wide.
I love to sit and ponder
At nature's beauty on every side.

Ava Forsyth,
Cardston, Alberta.
Age 11.

School Days

Oh! what shouting, what rejoicing
When the eighth grade we are
through;

When we've passed into the high
school
And have plenty work to do.

Oh! how happy we will feel
When our eighth grade work is
done

And next year we will be Freshies
We'll go forward on the run.

Then we'll pass on through the high
school

Never stopping till we're through.
Oh! how fast we'll gain our knowl-
edge

That's the wisest way to do.

When we've passed on through the
high school

And we've learned the golden rule,
Then the time comes for departing
We'll bid farewell to our school.

Ross Allen Bodily,
Bancroft, Idaho,
Box 41.
Age 14.

A Trip to the Clouds

When I arose at 4:30 on the 30th of August, I never dreamed of the wonderful day that lay before me. My thoughts were of Timpanogos although it would be the second trip I had made there. I could barely wait for the starting signal.

We rode horses till we reached the base of the majestic peak. There we rested while we all discussed the beauties of the scenery along the trail.

From the saddle up to the peak back down to the glacier I witnessed a sight I had never seen before. We were in a cloud. We could see it lifting and then lowering. As it lifted we could see glimpses of the valley below and as it lowered we were in a world of our own.

Leaving the top we slid down the glacier and started on our way home having had an experience I will always remember.

Marval Atwood,
Pleasant Grove, Utah,
Box 165, R. F. D. No. 1.
Age 15.



Drawn by Dorothy Smith
1509, 6th Avenue, South,
Lethbridge, Canada.
Age 12.

The Ant and the Grasshopper

In a field one summer day, some ants were busily at work. They were carrying grain into their storehouse. As they plodded steadily to and fro under their loads, they were watched by a number of grasshoppers. The grasshoppers were not working. Instead, they were sunning themselves by the roadside. Now and then these idle fellows droned out a lazy song, or joined in a dance, or amused themselves by making fun of the ants. But the ants were tireless workers. They kept steadily on. Nothing could take their minds off their business.

"Why don't you come with us and have some fun?" called one of the grasshoppers to the ants.

"Oh, stop that work," another cried, "Come and have a good time, as we are doing!"

But the ants kept right on with their work.

"Winter is coming," said an ant. He was busily pushing a rich grain of wheat before him. "We need to get ready for the days when we can gather no food. You had better do the same."

"Ah, let winter take care of itself," the grasshoppers said. "We have enough to eat today. We are not going to worry about tomorrow."

When winter came, the grasshoppers had no food. One after another

they died. At last only one was left. He went to the house of an ant and knocked at the door.

"Dear Ant," he began, "will you not help a poor fellow who has nothing to eat?"

"So it is you is it? As I remember, you are the lazy fellow who did not believe in work. I won't have anything to do with you," said the ant. And he turned his back on the lazy fellow.

If the grasshopper was too lazy to work, the ant was not going to feed him for nothing.

Olive White,
Moccasin, Arizona.

Age 10.

To the Clouds

Sail on, oh snow white ocean!

Sail on through skies of blue;
E'en though you take our sunshine,
We surely welcome you.

And thou, oh mother ocean,

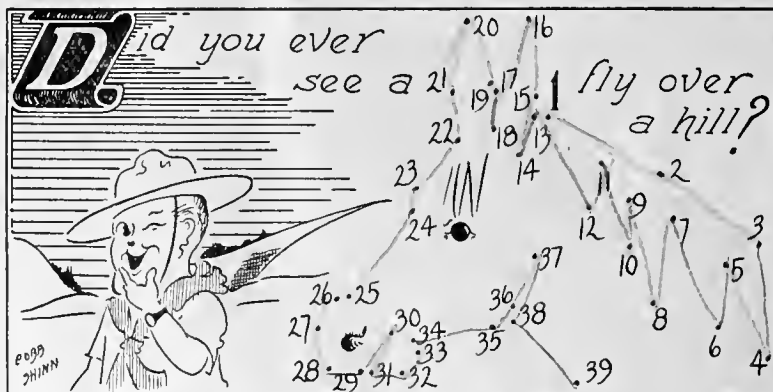
You gather your strayers home
And whisper your lullaby secrets
As o'er the blue skies you roam.

Sail on, oh clouds of beauty!

With your robes of purest white,
For they remind us of purity
And help us to do the right.

Verda Larsen,
Clifton, Idaho.

Age 14.



DAFFODILLY DOTS

Draw a line from dot one to dot two and so on, and see what is hidden in the picture. This is for your amusement. Don't write us about it.

Sing Little Bird

Sing little bird, sing to me
Sing as sweet as a song can be.
Sing about the brooklet small
Sing about the trees so tall.
Sing about the sun so bright,
Sing about the moon at night.

Sing about the flowers bright
Sing about the clouds so white,
Sing of your baby birds in their nest,
Tucked up together in peace and rest.
Sing about the garden bright,
And when you have sung it, I'll say
"Good night!"

Age 12, Asenath Passey,
1471 28th St.
Ogden, Utah.

Mary and the Robin

Very early in the morning Mary sat up in bed, opened her eyes and looked around. "Why who awoke me?" said Mary. She did not speak cross for she was a good natured little girl. Mary, who was eight years old, had long black curls and blue eyes.

Just then she heard a sweet voice outside the window. She jumped out of bed and opened the lattice. A Robin flew in. He looked slim and poor. "Why, Robin Red Breast, you are hungry. I will run down stairs and get you some crumbs," said Mary.

Every morning Robin would wake Mary with his singing, and she would feed him. But one morning he did not appear. Mary grew anxious for her Robin as she called him. Two days passed and on the third morning, as Mary was just waking up, outside the window she heard the sweet voice that had been used to calling her in the mornings. She hopped out of bed and opened the window. In flew Robin Red Breast and his mate. Mary was glad to see her pet Robin and she was glad to have him bring Mrs. Robin. Mary ran down stairs for crumbs.

The reason Robin didn't come back that morning was, he got lonesome for Mrs. Robin, and she got lonesome for him. Robin thought Mary would give Mrs. Robin crumbs, too, so he brought her with him.

One morning when Robin came to waken Mary he had a seed in his mouth. He laid it down and ate his crumbs and flew through the open window. That was the last Mary ever saw of that Robin for Robin was happier with his family.

Mary took the seed and planted it and cared for it. Before long it grew up to a beautiful flower. Mary liked it better than all the other flowers because her pet Robin Red Breast gave it to her.

Age 11, Margaret Watkins,
Box 287,
Logan, Utah.



THOMAS DEE STEWART
Photo by Mishie Stewart

Age 8. Alamo, Nevada.

Nature's Wealth

The birds are darting to and fro,
They're busy making nests;
They're very happy, too, I know—
They know that summer's best.

The flowers, too, are waking
 From their long winter's nap;
 The birds their nests are making
 Spring is a jolly chap.

Green leaves are coming on the trees.
 Flowers, too, are springing forth;
 The flowers invite their friends, the
 bees
 To partake of all their worth.

The seeds so dormant and so still,
 Wait till Jack Frost is gone.
 And flowers lift up their dewy heads
 To greet the early dawn.

The flowers so bright, the birds so
 gay
 Make nests of string and feather
 All nature has a pleasant way
 Of weaving things together.

Mattie Low,
 Age 12. Providence, Utah.



FISHING TIME

Photo by Almeda Bagley
 Age 13. Greenwich, Utah.

A True American

I'm going to be a soldier boy,
 I love the colors three—
 Our flag of red and white and blue
 Is good enough for me.

I may not sail upon the sea
 Or help in any fight,
 But loyal to my country be
 And stand up for the right.

I'll be a true American,
 Good citizen and friend,
 I'll pledge allegiance to our flag,
 And love it to the end.

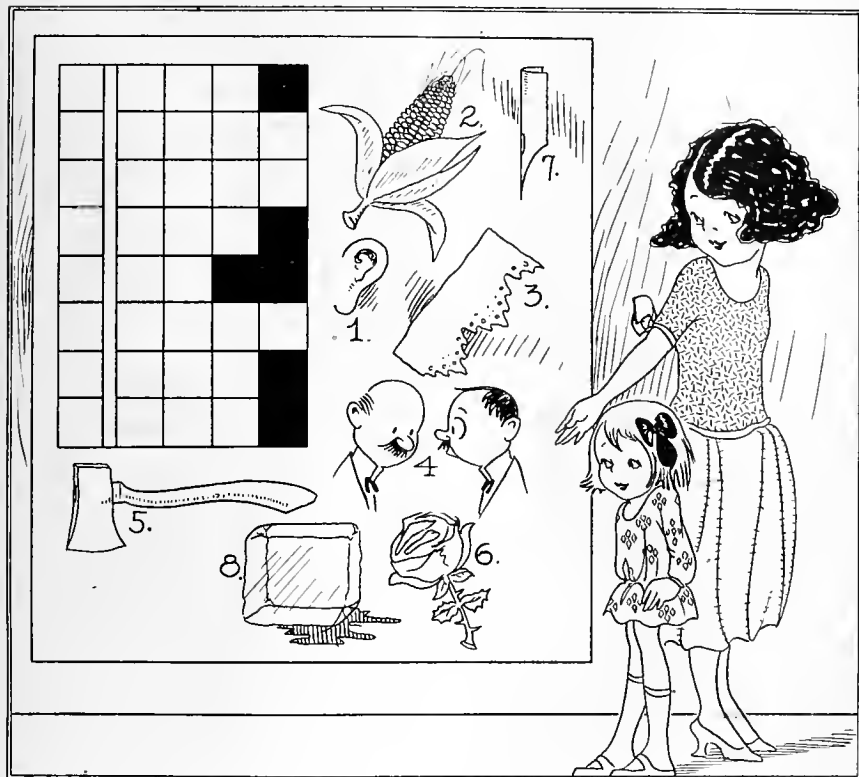
Helen Garrett,
 Age 9. Box 177,
 Garland, Utah.

Honorable Mention

Millie Bateman, Almo, Idaho
 Fannie V. Bluth, Colonia Dublan, Chih.
 Mexico
 Morris A. Bodily
 Fenella Caffall, Monroe, Utah
 Eliza Carpenter, Bloomington, Utah
 Grover Chandler, Henry, Idaho
 Florence Chase, Nephi, Utah
 Claudia Coons, Holden, Utah
 Celdon Evensen, Durango, Colorado
 Wanda Garmer, Sugar, Idaho
 Ferris Gee, Burley, Idaho
 Zenna Gee, Burley, Idaho
 Margaret Hatch, Corinne, Utah
 Frank Haws, Col. Juarez, Chih. Mexico
 Donna Hopkins, North Logan, Utah
 Othella Hoskins, Portage, Utah
 Leorene Howes, Newdale, Idaho
 Paul Jensen, Salt Lake City, Utah
 Drexel Killpack, Ferron, Utah
 George M. Larson, Bloomington, Utah
 Evelyn Mortenson, Gunnison, Utah
 Milton Neddo, Malta, Idaho
 Bernice Nelson, Portland, Oregon
 Leola Patten, Redrock, New Mexico
 Cornelia Peterson, Vernal, Utah
 Alice Prothers, Paragonah, Utah
 B. Reynolds, Widtsoe, Utah
 Marjorie Roger, Tucson, Arizona
 Helen Elizabeth Stephenson, Holden, Utah
 Eldon Summers, Antelope, Idaho
 Virgie Wilkins, Franklin, Arizona
 Reeta Wilkinson, Hoytsville, Utah
 Lillith Williams, Malad, Idaho

HISTORY PUZZLE

BY WALTER WELLMAN



History Puzzle

Leave the first up and down column blank for the time being. Print the names of the objects in the horizontal columns as numbered. Then add a letter before each word in the empty space, making a new word out of each of the present words. See if you can print the name of a famous General in the first upright column, and change each word to one having an additional letter. Who was the General?

Prizes of books will be given to the first ten of those under seventeen who

correctly solve the above puzzle, and send us the best original drawing, or photograph, or the best article of not to exceed three hundred words, or original poem of not to exceed twenty lines on any subject. Answers must be in by August 1, 1924, and all contributions are subject to the rules provided in "The Children's Budget Box." Address Puzzle Editor, *Juvenile Instructor*, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, 47 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE RUNAWAY DOLL

VIII



"JENNY," called Mrs. Binney, "will you come and take care of Baby Bo, while I go to market with the big basket, to buy eggs and a chicken and apples and oranges for dinner?"






Oh, yes, Jenny would take care of Baby Bo, while mother went to market. Baby Bo was rolling her eyes out by the back door, and she was painting a picture up by the garret window.

"Don't dilly-dally!" called Mrs. Binney. "Oh, no!" promised Jenny. And away went Mrs. Binney with her basket. But Jenny dipped her brush in the ink, chose a lovely color out of her box, and painted a picture of a soldier.








Then she read a few pages in her new story-book, and then she counted the coins in her box, and then she found her doll's key under the bed.











And after that she tied a red ribbon on her hair, and hung her gold chain round her neck, and looked in the mirror at herself. And all the time Baby Bo was down by the back door, waiting for Jenny to come and take care of her. The





sun shone, the  danced, the  played with the , and a big brown  crawled along the path---and still  did not come. "Ah-goo!"




 said , and she began to creep. She crept past the , past the , past the  and  and , down to the foot of the garden by the river---and there she saw

a beautiful  under a bush. It was Rose Rambler, the doll that naughty  had carried off! "Ah-goo!" said , and she hugged the  in her fat little , and went to sleep. She dreamed dreams of  and  and ---and then she dreamed that  was calling her, and woke with a start. And  fell out of her arms and rolled down the bank into the river.

"Ah-goo!" said , for there was Jenny running down the path.

"Oh, oh, what if I had lost you!" cried . "I will never dilly-dally again!" And she caught Baby Bo up in her , and



carried her back through the garden to the house---but  went floating away down the river!



The FUNNY BONE

Courtship Ticklers

The Girl's Father—Young man, the lights in this house go out at 11 o'clock.
Young Man—That suits me.

Disguised

Young Lady—Were you pleased with the new school, little boy?

Willie—Naw! Dey made me wash me face an' when I went home de dorg bit me 'cause he didn't know me.

Tact

Fond Young Mother (with her first born)—Now, which of us do you think he is like?

Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you.—London Punch.

A Horse of Another Color

Mr. Albertson has a predilection for talking in his sleep. Several times recently he mentioned the name "Irene," and his wife questioned him about it.

"Oh, that," said he, thinking fast, "is the name of a horse."

Several days later when he came home he asked his wife the news of the day. "Nothing exciting happened," she said, "except your horse called you up twice."

A Question of Attire

A strapping German with big beads of perspiration streaming down his face was darting in and out the aisles of a Philadelphia department store. His excited actions attracted the attention of all the employees, and they hardly knew what to make of it.

A hustling young man of the clothing department walked up to him and asked, "Are you looking for something in men's clothing?"

"No," he roared, "not men's clothing, vimmen's clothing. I can't find my wife."—Lippincott's.

Thrilling Amusement

She—It must be terribly lonesome for a young woman to marry an old man.

He—Oh, I don't know; you can sit at home in the evenings and listen to his arteries harden.

—Mercury.

Mistaken Identity

The hobo had asked the hard-faced woman for something to eat. "Yes," she replied, "I'll fix you some supper if you'll saw and split some wood, sweep off the walk, fix the hole in the fence, tidy up the barnyard and burn that rubbish piled up at the cellar door."

"Lady," said the hobo as he started away. "I'm only a hobo; I ain't your husband!"

Review Day

"Who was it that killed Goliath?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"George Washington," recited Tommy mechanically, "and when he had chopped it off his papa came up and George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie—I did it with my little hatchet.'"—Houston Post.

Slight Mistake

A young business man and Deacon in the church was going to New York on business and while there was to purchase a new sign which was to be hung up in the front of the church advertising a new movement in the church. He copied the motto and dimension of the sign but went to New York and left the paper in his coat at home. When he discovered that he had left the paper at home, he wired his wife, "Send motto and dimensions." An hour later a message came over the wire and the young lady clerk who had just come from lunch and knew nothing of the previous wire, fainted. When they looked at the message she had just taken they read: "Unto us a child is born, 6 feet long and 2 feet wide."—Yellow Crab.



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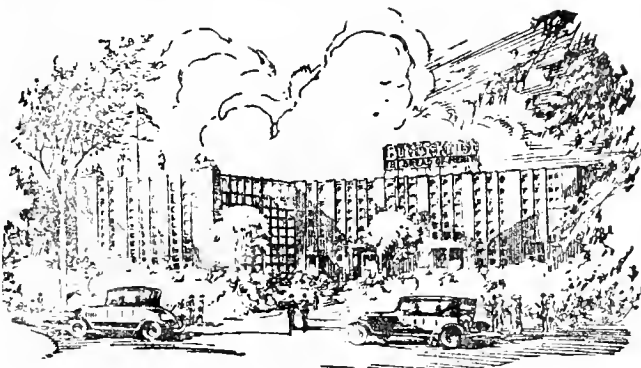
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tween the deviled
eggs and the jar of
pickles, she tucked a
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son club napkins.

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clean up every crumb.
Enough napkins for
sticky fingers and pic-
nic stains.

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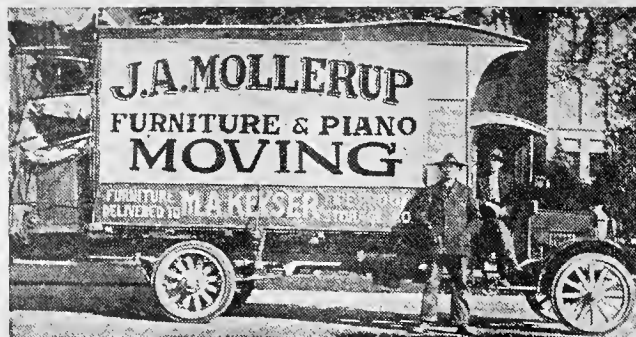
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